SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

VOLUME LV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1887. NUMBER 45.

Poetry.

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

The tempter, as God's legends tell—
Allowed on earth to roam—
Crushed that which Woman loves so well,
Her sweet and sacred home.
From Eden, lost through his black art,
She wandered out forlorn;
She cursed him in her gentle heart
With meek but deadly scorn.
And since, in varied guise of sin,
He works his hateful will,
And reappears to-day within
The serpent of the still.

He comes not now in subtle mood—
With smiles, as long ago—
Enticing her by honeyed food,
And mysteries she may know;
He makes insulting, swift advance
Into her bright home-nest,
Admitted and embraced, perchance,
By those she loves the best.
He brings the world where he must dwell,
Her days and nights to fill,
Transmuting Paradise to Hell—
This serpent of the still!

He twines about her trembling life,
And soils it with his slime;
He fills the hours with foolish strife,
He sows the seeds of crime,
And Poverty and fierce Disease,
And Hunger and Disgrace,
And Death by death-empanged degrees,
Are in his cold embrace.
To grieve, to hurt, to rend, to smite,
To ruin and to kill,
Are leaden links of his delight—
The serpent of the still!

Rouse, Woman, in your quiet power,
Your heart's man-withering frown,
Your hand that rules the festal hour,
And crush the monster down!
You abuse the human form and soul,
You mark the infant's way,
Youth's fancy you can oft control,
Man's action you can sway;
Bend every blessing of your life
To fight its deadliest ill!
Strike—daughter, maiden, widow, wife—
This serpent of the still!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE DEAR OLD SONGS OF HOME.

Some simple word my heart has stirred,
And thought in fancy strays,
With half-heard rhyme and rythmic chime,
To boyhood's happy days,
Like far-off bells' faint ringing,
The memories old are clinging;
Now faintly, now clear, again I hear
My mother sweetly singing—
Singing, Sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

Ah, happy boy! with unmixed joy;
How sweet the days of old,
When 'neath our gaze the firelight's blaze,
Shot up its spears of gold!
I see the kettle swinging
The shadows round it clinging,
I'll once again in sweet refrain
I hear my mother singing—
Singing, Sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

No lapse of time can still the chime
Of these far-hidden bells;
But in my ears, thro' all these years,
The time to them it tells.
And now 'mid bells' clear ringing,
With holy thoughts up-springing;
Now faint, now clear, again I hear
My mother sweetly singing—
Singing, Sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

—*Washington Critic.*

Our Story Teller.

OUR CLASS LEADER.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

"Try the sponge cake, Milly?"

"No, thank you, mother," said the girl addressed.

"You'll take some of this peach jam, anyhow; it's the pound for pound kind, you know."

"I guess I don't care for any," the girl replied; then she pushed her chair from the supper table and abruptly left the room, before her father could finish saying: "A good strong cup o' tea is about the thing you need, daughter."

The two old people looked significantly at each other, and Mrs. Browsey said to her husband: "I tell you, Enoch, there's something wrong with that gal."

"Ain't I tell you, Elviry, same as I've told you lots o' times, that I know it, an' what's wuss, I don't know what 'tis, an' you ain't any wiser 'bout it than I be."

"Tain't very kind o' you to twit me with it, though, Enoch; you know I'm her mother, and she's my only one."

"Now, mother, don't go to takin' it that way. It ain't no harder on you than 'tis on me. An' I give myself fits for it sometimes when I'm all alone in the store."

"I do b'lieve," said Mrs. Browsey, "that what Milly needs is to see a doctor."

"Doctor?" echoed the husband; "what for? What does a girl want of a doctor when she's got the reddest cheeks and brightest eyes in the township?"

"Well," said Mrs. Browsey, meekly, "if 'tain't that what is it? *I* can't think of anything, unless mebbe she's back-slidin'."

"Now, Elviry," said Mr. Browsey, appealingly, "what is there for her to backslide to? She's had her share of the class, for at family prayers every mornin'? Don't she 'tend preachin' ev'ry time it's our turn to be ministered to on the circuit? Bless her innocent heart! when Brother Humbrite says 'Sister Mildred Browsey, how is it with your soul this week?' an' that dear gal stands up and looks down at the back of the coach in front of her, an' gives her reason for the hope that's in her, I sometimes wonder how the angels keep from swoopin' down and kerryin' her off."

"It don't do to be too confident," said Mrs. Browsey. "As the 'postle says, 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

"Yes, that's all right for men—the 'postle says 'him,' just remember—but I don't believe 'twas meant to apply to gals. Besides, there's no place for her to fall—except fall in love. Say Elviry, that ain't such a bad joke, is it? Do you see—fall"—fall in love."

"Yes, I see," said Mrs. Browsey, severely, "but it's wicked to joke on sacred subjects."

"Nothin' sacred 'bout backsidin', is there? But say, Elviry, it ain't possible it's that, is it?"

"Who is there for her to be in love with?" said Mrs. Browsey, savagely. "You know perfectly well that there ain't a young man in the township that's fit to hold a candle to her. Be idee, she's too young."

"She's just 18, exactly three months older than you was when you said 'yes' to a certain young fellow who I s'pose it isn't necessary for me to give the name of," said Mr. Browsey.

"I sha'n't think of her fallin' in love, anyhow, for years to come," said Mrs. Browsey. If any man comes a-courtin' that gal, I do believe I'll tear him limb from limb, an' scratch his eyes out afterward."

"Oh, leave him his eyes, Elviry," suggested Mr. Browsey. "Draw the line at his eyes, Elviry."

"S'long as the store, or your eyes won't be wuth nuthin' to your specs," said Mrs. Browsey.

"Well, Elviry, but s'posin'—only s'posin', you know—that such a thing should be as that she's took a fancy to a young man, who on earth could it be?"

"That's just it," said Mrs. Browsey; "she don't see young fellers anywhere except at Bible class and in the street. Nobody ever beaus her home from any place. That's why I think she needs a doctor."

"Which she don't, no more'n a cat needs a pocket handerchief," interrupted Mr. Browsey.

"Or that she's backslid, an' the trouble's speretual," continued the wife.

"Mebbe you're right; mebbe that's it," sighed Mr. Browsey. "Who knows but the dear child is rasslin' with the unpardonable sin? I had that once, while I was a probationer. I didn't know what 'twas; I couldn't have told it from a side of soleleather; but I thought I had it, all the same."

"You never told me 'bout it," said Mrs. Browsey, rather reproachfully.

"Well, the fact is," said Enoch, tracing a circle in the carpet with the toe of his boot, "it came on just 'fore I began payin' 'tention to you, Elviry, an' there was so many other things I wanted to talk to you about."

"What minister got you rid of it?" asked Mrs. Browsey, still interested.

"Well, as nigh as I can remember, that minister's name was Elviry. As soon as she showed a willingness to take me in hand that onwelcome speretual visitor flickered out like a candle in an open winder."

"Shoo!" exclaimed Mrs. Browsey, not entirely gratified by the compliment: "I s'posed it was more of an experience than that. Well, I wished we had a minister that belonged here, an' that folks could get at when they are in trouble. I'd go to him this very day about Milly, an' see if he couldn't do something. But we haven't."

"Might speak to Brother Humbrite, our class leader," said Mr. Browsley. "He ain't a minister now, but it he ain't one before long I miss my guess. He's got a call, whether he knows it or not, an' he's got a way of seein' through folks that'll give him a powerful grip on sinners. He's young yet, though; young enough to be my son."

He's a hundred years old in his ways, anyhow," said Mrs. Browsey. "I do believe I'll have a talk with him about Milly first chance I get."

"I'll do it myself if I see him first, as like enough I will. Unless," said the merchant, as if he had suddenly been the recipient of an inspiration—"unless we could make an excuse to invite him to supper. Now I'll hurry back to the store; the boy'll be gettin' so hungry about now that he'll be eatin' up more'n his wages in lump sugar."

As the merchant hurried down the narrow path he found his daughter plucking roses and lazily picking them to pieces. "Milly, blessin'," said the old man, tenderly, "do you know somethin'? If you don't, come down pretty soon and help your old father keep store, as you used to do, you'll forget forever where the cinnamon-bark jar is kept."

The girl looked up again, and smiled faintly. "I'll go now, this very night—just for the sake of the cinnamon jar, you know."

"Why, you blessed bouncer! will you, though? Run, get your bonnet now, an' come right along; 'twon't be sundown for half an hour yet."

Arrived at the store, Browsey found that the usual contingent of evening loungers had preceded him. One lounger remarked, "They do say that the school teacher is goin' to give up larnin' young uns, an' goin' to try to teach grown-ups somethin'."

"That's nuthin' new," said another. "He'a adoin' that now. Don't he run the Bible class?"

"Ev'rybody knows that," said the first speaker, contemptuously. Milly seemed curious, for the subject of conversation was her own teacher, on week days as well as Sundays. The speaker was gratified at the interest he had excited. All he had heard was that Humbrite had been advised by the circuit rider to apply to the quarterly conference for permission to preach. There was nothing startling about this. How could he make the statement stronger, more interesting, without stretching the truth to the safety point? At last he said, "He's goin' to be a missionary."

Milly dropped some ribbon at which she had been looking. There was silence for a moment or two. Then the eldest of the loungers asked:

"To what furrin parts?"

"I don't know as I rightly heerd the name of the place," replied the informant, probably with a desire to return to the vicinity of the truth. "I guess, to make sure, I'll trot over home an' see if my wife's heerd any particulars." Then the speaker prudently withdrew before he could be questioned further.

"See here, fellers," suggested a man who had entered recently, "let's all go find out. 'Tain't ev'ry day that a feller-bein' gets a call from so fur away, an' its only showin' a proper sperit for us to take a neighborly interest in the teacher."

"That's so; let's," assented another. "Like enough we can get some word about it in the barber shop, or down to the hotel."

So saying, he started, and the others followed so rapidly that in a moment Mr. Browsey and his daughter were alone. The merchant breathed a sigh of relief, and said:

"Thank goodness for that yarn! May as well put up the shutters now an' go home, I s'pose."

"Is it a yarn? Don't you believe he's going?" asked Milly, quickly.

"Goodness knows, dearie. I never take the trouble to believe stories that come in that way."

"But don't you think he's going to be a missionary?" persisted Milly.

"Oh, mebbe he's said that mebbe he'd like to preach the Word to them that's lost. What do you think?"

"I think he'd be a stupid and an idiot to think of doing so a thing."

"Mercy on us, child!" exclaimed the old merchant, "do be careful. You oughtn't to talk that way when you're the class-leader."

"That's just the reason," exclaimed the girl. "Isn't there enough for him to do where he is? Suppose he goes away, and some one gets under conviction, what are they to do, no preacher being here?"

The merchant paced the store floor until he reached the semi-seclusion of the rear room; then he swished to himself: "No mistake about it; it's just as Elviry thought. I was just that sputchy an' quick-tempered when I had the onpardonable." Then he returned briskly to the front and said: "Let us go home early, through the full moon, an' give your ma a pleasant surprise. See if you can't remember somethin' she wants, while I—Goodness!"

The exclamation was unavoidable, for just as the old man was stepping out of the front door to close his windows, a man who was entering came in violent collision with him.

"Well, Brother Humbrite," said the merchant, "I'm right glad to see you, even if you nid a'most knock me down. Come in, Milly dear, here's Brother Humbrite."

There was in Milly's eyes none of the fire of a moment before as she raised them to greet the young man.

"You're just the man I want to see, Brother Humbrite. You know I've got all the Bible society's books for this county upstairs here. Well, I— Milly, dearie, just keep store for me a minute, while Brother Humbrite and I go upstairs, will you?"

The merchant led the way to the upper room. Then he said: "I'll have to ask you to forgive a little deception, Brother Humbrite. What I really want to speak to you about is her." A backward thrust of the thumb emphasized his meaning. "Something's amiss with her. I thought 'twas her health; her mother 'lowed 'twas her soul, an' I've come to the conclusion her mother's right. She only makes light of it before us; but you, bein' her class-leader, she'd have to be straightforward to, so I want to ask you to speak to her."

To the old man's great relief, the class-leader did not fix the earnest, searching eyes upon him, but upon the candle. He seemed to be thinking of what to say.

"I have no objection, so far as I am concerned; but whether Miss Browsey—"

"Now, see here, Brother Humbrite, don't go to Miss Browsey her. She's Milly—just little Milly, that you saw through the last two years of her schoolin', an' kept in when she didn't know her lessons, an' scolded when she cut up during school hours. 'Tain't no question of whether she'd like it; it's only this: oughtn't it to done? An' if it ought, whose there to do it but you?"

The class-leader still contemplated the candle or the candlestick, the merchant could not determine which. The young man finally cleared his throat, and said: "I should not like to make a mistake, Brother Browsey, for—"

"Why, there's no mistake to make," said the merchant. "Of course I don't ask you to go at her hammer an' tongs—you wouldn't do that anyhow; you've got sense about such things. Why, I could do it easy enough, if I was class-leader, an' she was anybody else's gal. I'd start with the weather, an' how thankful we ought to be to the Good Bein' that we 'ain't had even a touch of cyclone this year, when some others 'ain't been spared! Then it's easy enough to edge along to other blessins', an' then to squeeze in a little feelers of questions until you find out what the trouble is. Goodness! I wish the store-keepin' bizness was as easy a job as that'll be."

"I don't see how I could find a convenient opportunity," said the leader, still staring at the tiny flame of the candle.

"Why walk home with her. I'll make an excuse to stay here. It's just the sort of night to talk about holy things—clear an' quiet, an' a big full moon helpin' show how God loves the world an' all that's in it. Come on; 'Now's the only time we're sure of.' That's my bizness motto."

The merchant was so firm in the conviction that his plan was correct that he took his companion's sleeve, led the way down stairs, and said: "Milly, dearie, I find I've got to stay a while longer, an' as your ma won't be easy till one of us turns up, I've asked Brother Humbrite to see you home."

Milly seemed somewhat surprised, but she prepared to obey. As she came from behind the counter her father waylaid her behind the heap of merchandise, put his arm around her, and whispered, "Take Brother Humbrite's advice, dear e; it's for your lastin' good."

The couple went out awkwardly, each seeming to keep as far as possible from the other. They crossed the street, keeping the narrow wooden walk between them; then Humbrite awkwardly offered his arm, almost stopping as he did it. Milly quite as awkwardly accepted the courtesy, and a moment later the shadows of the trees on the other side of the street hid the couple from view.

Between customers and loungers the merchant was detained an hour longer; then he hastily closed the store and went home. His wife stood in the doorway and greeted him with: "Where's Milly?"

"Gracious! ain't she home yet? Well, it's all right; what we were talkin' about come to pass. I guess the Lord's hand was in it, Elviry. Brother Humbrite dropped into the store, an' I just made him see her home an' talk to her this very night. I s'posed they'd have got here before this, though."

"Mebby they've dropped into a neighborhood prayer meetin' somewhere," suggested Mrs. Browsey, "though I don't know where one is bein' held to night."

"Reckon we can keep awake for her this once," said the old man, somewhat reproachfully; "but I don't mind sayin' I'd like to hear the upshot of it."

"I hope she'll tell," said the mother, "but there's no knowin'. Come into the house."

"Wait a minute," said the husband. "Somebody's comin' along now. Yes, I see somebody. It's them."

The old man pushed his wife into the house and followed as hastily. Both hurried to the window that commanded the gate.

The gate opened; Milly stood with one hand upon it and the other on the post.

"That looks bad," muttered Browsey; "appears as if she'd been'd enough, an' didn't want him to come in an' continue the subject. I don't know, though; pretty hard to get ahead of Brother Humbrite when he thinks he's right. See! he's whisperin' the rest of it to her. An' he's finishin' off with a prayer—see? His hat's off and his right hand's up."

"There-he goes," observed Mrs. Browsey. "An' here she comes," replied her husband.

Her parents stood just within the door of he unlighted hall to receive her.

"Well, dearie?"

"Well, father?"

"Milly!"

"Mother!"

There was a rustle of feminine garments, and then the sound of several kisses in quick succession, after which Mrs. Browsey murmured, "Gracious sakes!"

Mr. Browsey groped about in the partial darkness, found one of his daughter's hands, and said, "Did you two find a neighborhood prayer-meetin', dearie?"

"Prayer-meeting!" ejaculated Milly, in a tone so contemptuous that her father shivered, and asked:

"What was it then?"

Millie did not answer promply, but finally she said with a tiny laugh, "'Twas more like a love feast, father."

"Why," said the old man, "I didn't know there was any special serv—"

"Don't be a goose, Enoch," interrupted Mrs. Browsey.

"You told me to take Brother Humbrite's advice, father," said Milly, transferring her embrace to her father's neck.

"Yes."

"You said 'twould be for my lasting good."

"Yes, dearie."

"Well, I'm just as sure as I can be that you were right. But I'd never had the slightest idea before that he cared a bit for me. I think you might have given me a hint—just a little bit of a hint, that he'd been in love with me for months."

"In love—with you?" gasped the old man.

"Enoch!" exclaimed Mrs. Browsey, "if she'd been as slow at takin' a hint as you be, I don't think she'd have got it through her head till the fag-end of resurrection day."

"Great Scot!" exclaimed the old man: "an' you've had him on your mind while I've been thinkin' your soul—"

The old man groped about for a chair and dropped into it. Then he found his voice again and said: "As I hoped to be saved, dearie, I don't know anything about it. I sent you off with him to-night so he could talk to you about your speretual condition."

"Yes," said Milly, softly. "He tried it, but I gave him such a piece of my mind about going to be a missionary that it confused him, I suspect. Then he said he hadn't thought of being a missionary, there were so many reasons against it. I asked him what they were, and he told me the first one, and—and he didn't get any further."

"Then I s'pose," said the father, in the tone of a man meditating deeply, "there's no use in asking"—though I was curious about it—what he whispered as you stood there at the gate, keepin' him from comin' in."

"'Twasn't a whisper," said Milly, almost inaudibly.

"It looked, from this distance—"

"Enoch!" exclaimed Mrs. Browsey.

"Oh, well," said the old man, despairingly, "I don't s'pose I've got any sense at all about some things. After that he took off his hat and raised his right hand. I thought he was prayin' then, but I s'pose I'm wrong about that, too."

"Oh, no, you're not," said the girl, nestling very close to her father's breast; "for what he said was, 'God bless you, darling!'"

So Brother Humbrite's advice was—

"That I should be his wife," said Milly, disengaging herself from her father's arms. "Say, mother, don't you suppose I could find—in the dark—that piece of sponge-cake I couldn't eat at supper time?"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

What She Would Like to Do.

"What is the height of your ambition?" asked a reporter of a lady performer in a circus.

"To turn a graceful somersault on horseback."

"Have you tried?"

"Oh, yes; but only at rehearsals. You never see a woman turn a graceful somersault, or indeed any kind of a somersault, on a bare-backed horse at good speed. They are scarcer than acrobats who can leap over ten elephants and turn two somersaults before alighting. If I could turn a back somersault as well as Bob Stickney does in his bareback ride, I could easily command a salary of $500 per week. Of course I can turn a somersault on tan bark or even on a horse when the animal is not in motion. Jessie McDermott, in Barnum's circus, can turn a fine somersault on the ground and on horseback, too, when riding on a pad. Why is it that women cannot become as expert as men? I don't think we are naturally as strong and supple, and therefore more apt to lose what we call the center of gravity in turning. You see I know what gravity is, although my schooling has been limited. I may write a book some day on the sawdust arena and its fascinations.

"The glare of the lights, the music, the applauding audience, all have a seductive effect. I became attached to the circus when a child. My parents were brought up in the arena and I began to act with them when I was almost too young to toddle. I have been hurt several times by my horse falling. Once a horse I was riding suddenly slacked his gait and I continued right over his head. I had a beautiful somersault then, but not of my own volition and as luck would have it, landed on my feet. I received uproarious applause because the audience thought it part of my act."

Tale-Bearers.

Hannah Moore had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was something ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable. Off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossipy story to Hannah Moore. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal.

Samples of False Economy.

It is false economy to do part of to-morrow's work to-day; living cheaply so that you can dress well; going to law about anything you can compromise; to employ a botch because he doesn't charge much; sitting in the twilight doing nothing in order to save oil; buying things you don't want because they are cheap; marrying your daughter to an adventurer so as to have her off your hands; to take your money out of the bank and invest it in a wild-cat scheme; taking your boy from school and allowing him to grow up in ignorance for the sake of the $2 a week he can earn.

Humor.

What the Deacon was Good For.

The Rev. E. A. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?"

"That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for and having found it put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people, and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I call on old Deacon Blank to lead us in prayer.

"'Taint no use askin' me,' he said, 'I can't do it.'

"'Suppose you start the next hymn, then?'

"'Can't sing, either.'

"'How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that!'

"'Nop, I'm a bad hand at getting round. Better get some one else.'

"Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking-stick an idea was suggested. "'Well, brother, do you think you're able to keep out the dogs?'

"'You bet I air,' he confidently replied. Then taking a seat at the door he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting, and after it was over more than one of the congregation were followed home by yelping curs with broken limbs."

Every man has his sphere of usefulness. —*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Legislating a Millenium In.

Labor reformer—O, we're getting along finely. All we want is more laws!

American philosopher—More laws, eh?

L. R.—Yes, sir. We want laws to regulate the relations between capital and labor.

A. P.—That's not very definite.

L. R.—So a capitalist will have to pay big wages, you know.

A. P.—And thus increase the cost of his products?

L. R.—O, we've got that all figured out. We're going to have laws to fix the price of the products, too!

A. P.—Not leave him any margin, eh?

L. R.—Don't care whether he has any margin or not.

A. P.—Suppose men with money won't invest it in enterprises under those laws, what then?

L. R.—We'll repeal all laws which give them any chance to live on the interest. You see, there's a great principle at stake.

A. P.—Perhaps; but he can live very comfortably on his principal. Can you live on yours?

L. R.—If we can't we will repeal more laws.

A. P.—That will be very necessary. Shall I tell you which law you will have to repeal first?

L. R.—I wish you would.

A. P.—The law of supply and demand.—*Puck.*

A Prompt Response.

While in Montreal last summer a Boston lady met a family from another city, and was assigned to the same table with them in the dining hall of the hotel.

Now this Bostonian was the kind so frequently satirized. She, or rather her ancestors, came over in the Mayflower; she could quote Browning by the hour and was deeply immersed in the mysteries of Buddhism; she was a great stickler on points of etiquette, especially table etiquette.

The family of new found friends included a daughter of not many summers, who was full of life, and imbued with those feelings so prevalent in healthy growing girls. Consequently she did not always conduct herself at the table in the demure and deliberate manner which the Boston lady thought proper.

So the latter one day preached her a sermon on "table manners," and concluded by asking:

"Would you like to have me go back to Boston and tell my daughter now you act at the table?"

Quick as a flash the attentive listener replied:

"Yes, tell her; and I wish you'd take the very next train."—*Boston Times.*

A Very Slight Resemblance.

A portrait painter was employed to paint the features of an eminent musician. On the work being finished the musician expressed his disapprobation somewhat strongly.

"Who is that like, my dear?" asked the mortified artist of the musician's little boy.

"It is like papa," said the child.

"So it is, my darling. You see, sir, your son is a better judge of your likeness than yourself. Now tell me where it is like papa, my dear."

"It is very like him about the fiddle," was the answer.

The portrait was thrown on the hands of the artist.

Market Fluctuations.

Customer (to grocer)—"I see by the market quotations that a change has taken place in the price of butter."

Grocer (startled)—"Is that so?" (To the clerk)—"James, mark that butter up five cents."

Customer—"The price hasn't advanced; it has dropped."

Grocer (to clerk)—Never mind, James."—*Texas Siftings.*

But He Did.

Ethel and Egbert were bidding each other a proper good-bye the other evening, when the draft from the open front door blew the hall light out and left the two young people in sudden darkness.

"Weren't you awfully afraid," asked Ethel's dearest friend next day, when Ethel was telling the story, "to be left alone in the dark like that?"

"Yes, dear, I was," confessed Ethel frankly. "Egbert is quite bashful, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't see how perfectly helpless I was."

If He Has Plenty of Time.

Smith—"I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow in Harlem whom I devotedly love. In paying my addresses how often ought I to call upon her?"

Dumley—"She is a widow, you say?"

Smith—"Yes."

Dumley—"Seven nights in the week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday matinee."—*Epoch.*

Reformed Spelling.

A little boy at a village school had written the word "psalm" in his copybook and accidentally blotted out the initial "p" with his sleeve. As little sister sitting at his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed: "What if I did leave him out? He didn't spell nothing, and what is the good of him?"

Not Sufficiently Educated.

Apostle at church door: "Young man, won't you step inside and join us in our glorious evening services?"

Young man: "What church is that?"

Apostle: "The Dutch Reformed."

Young man: "No, I guess I won't go in; it wouldn't do me any good. I don't understand a word of German."—*Epoch.*

Hard Times.

"I suppose you find times pretty hard," said a kind hearted old lady to a tramp, "and often don't get enough to eat?"

"It's worse than that, mum," was the candid reply. "In these days it is hard to get enough to drink, let alone to eat."—*Judge.*

At the Telephone.

Edith (to nurse)—"Papa says that such a big family of girls distresses him, and he wishes he had a boy."

Nurse—"What are you going to do?"

Edith—"I'm going to ring for a boy."—*Puck.*

A Private Failure.

Lady (to fond mamma)—Oh, the little boy will improve as he grows older.

Fond mamma—His papa gets so out of patience with him! He intends to educate him, as he will be good for nothing else.—*Judge.*

A Natural Mistake.

Bobby came into his mother's room just as she had completed her toilet for an evening out.

"Why, ma," he said in astonishment, "you ain't going to bed this early, are you?"

A BUSTLE ABOUT A BONNET.

Ferguson's Wife Was Determined to Have It In Spite of Him.

Mrs. Montgomery bought a new bonnet the other day. It was one of those little gauze things that sit astride a woman's back hair like a pair of tongs on an andiron. She didn't tell Mr. Montgomery about it. It cost dollars and twinges of conscience. She prepared to soften her husband's heart.

"Fergy dear," she said, when he came home to dinner the other evening, "don't you think married life should be one long honeymoon?"

"Um—Yes, of course," replied Ferguson, suspiciously, "What's up?"

"Don't you think a wife should do as much as she can to look well in her husband's eyes?" continued Mrs. Montgomery in a soft, cooing tone as she wound her soft arm around his neck and got a grip on his shoulder.

"Of course she should," said Mr. Montgomery, falling into a tender mood, but taking the precaution to place his pocket-book where Mrs. Montgomery wouldn't come in contact with it.

"I knew you thought so, dear," Mrs Montgomery murmured. "And so I've bought a perfect love of a bonnet. The dalliest, prettiest bonnet that ever was. It makes me look divine. And it only cost $22."

"What!" yelled Ferguson, in stage-villian accents. "Mrs. Montgomery, your confounded vanity will ruin me. If you want a new bonnet you can take an old bustle and cover it with mosquito netting and wear that. It's all you'll get," and Mr. Montgomery grabbed his hat and coat and departed for a neighboring store where he bought whitewash by the ton.

The next day Mrs. Montgomery sold Ferguson's overcoat to a second-hand man for enough to pay for the bonnet.

Sumner's Sense of Duty.

About the time of the firing on Sumter, a naval officer, a South Carolinian by by birth and education, but who had a warm æsthetic friendship for Sumner, came to him one day in great embarrassment.

"What shall I do," he asked, "if my ship is ordered to the South to coerce my own people?"

"Read your commission, sir," was the answer.

"But suppose my ship is ordered to Charleston?"

"Read your commission, sir."

"But suppose she ranges her broadsides against the city of my birth?"

"Read your commission, sir," was again the answer.

"But, Senator, what if I am ordered to fire on my father's plantation?"

"Read your commission, sir," again thundered the senator.

This officer, who is still living, did not leave his flag, but was never placed in the terrible embarrassment he pictured for himself.

They Don't Speak Now.

"My husband loved me when I was a mere child," said one Chicago lady proudly to another.

"Indeed! That is quite romantic."

"Yes, he asked papa for my hand when I was only 15 years old, and papa said he could have me if I would consent."

"And he waited till you was of age?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the other, spitefully, "I recollect hearing your husband say the other day that he always did get left when he dabbled in futures."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Plenty of Interest in the Meeting.

Long-haired stranger to little boy: "Can you direct me to the camp-meeting grounds, my son?"

Little boy: "Yessir. Jest come 'long wid me. I'm goin' there myself. My fadder sent fer me."

Long-haired stranger: "Ah, I am very glad to know that your father is interested in such important matters."

Little boy: "Yessir. He's runnin a beer counter, an is so busy he's got to have help."—*Epoch.*

Solomon's Children.

"Solomon said," remarked the dominie, as he carefully trimmed a birchen switch four feet long before going into committee of the whole on the state of the country, "Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the children.'"

"Yes," said the trembling minority member of the committee, "but see what awful children Solomon raised."

And while the master thought and thought and thought, the minority went out to revise his report and forgot to come back.—*Burdette.*

"Man Is What He Eats."

It has been calculated that on the average each man who attains the age of three score and ten consumes during the course of his life 20 wagon loads of food, solid and liquid. At four tons to the wagon this would correspond to an average of about a hundred ounces of food per day, or say some 120 ounces per day during adult life, and about 80 ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding 120 ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six-half pints of liquid food and seven or eight pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman.

A Kentucky Ignoramus.

Gotham Mam—I suppose you have met Prof. Blank of the Kentucky University?

Kentucky Man—Yes; don't want to meet him again, either.

G. M.—Eh? I understand he is one of the most intellectual men of the time.

K. M.—Regular ignoramus.

G. M.—Ignoramus?

K. M.—Yes; can't even play poker.—*Tidbits.*

The Debt Had Been Standing a Year.

A long-suffering tradesman sent his little reminder to an exchange as follows:

"Dear Sir—Your little account has been standing now over a year. Please send me a check and oblige."

Hardened debtor replies:

"Dear Sir—If that little account is tired of standing, let it sit down. Yours."

At 9 O'Clock Breakfast.

Opulent avunculus—Edward, I think you ought to get down to the office earlier.

Languid nephew—Oh! as to that, uncle, I have always been of the opinion that the office should seek the man, not man the office.

A Verdict That Seemed to Fit.

A man in a Western town hanged himself to a bedpost by his suspenders. The coroner's jury were some time in coming to a decision in the case, but the foreman, who was a native of Erin, finally announced that the "deceased came to his death by coming home drunk and mistaking himself for his pants."

He's All Wright.

Mrs. William Wright, of New Castle, Ind., recently gave birth to four children, making in all a family of fourteen children, including five pairs of twins. Let's see; who was it said that he'd rather be Wright than be President? We wouldn't.—*Norristown Herald.*

Too Much Smile.

The conversation had turned on a young lady whose mouth, when she smiled, seemed to stretch from ear to ear.

"Yes, but she has such handsome teeth."

"True, but she will some day lose her teeth, while her smile will remain."—*Judge.*

What a Year Will Bring Forth.

Wife (one day after marriage): "No, dear, don't give me any money, I might lose it."

Same wife (one year after marriage): "I took $20 from your pocket last night, John."

Johnny's Memory.

"Can you and Johnny run to the grocer's for me, Frank, and remember to ask for three pounds of cocoa?"

"Well, I guess I can remember three pounds," answered Master Frank, deliberately, "if Johnny will remember cocoa."—*Epoch.*

There was His Advantage.

They were talking about bald-headed people before Jones.

"Why," said one of the party to him, "you haven't half a dozen hairs left."

"Yes," was the triumphant response, "but they are all mine!"—*Judge.*

One Way of Putting It.

Jones got married the other day, and this was the notice he put up on the shop door:

"Closed on account of the conjugal association of two individuals of different sexes."—*Judge.*

Miscellany.

INGERSOLL ON THE VETERANS.

His Tribute to "The Union Soldier" at an Indianapolis Reunion.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation, the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings, and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with those who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing, and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever. We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of the war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed down with the last grief.

The past rises before us and we see 4,000,000 of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we hear the hounds tracking women through tangled swamp. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite! Four million bodies in chains! Four million souls in fetters! Four million souls of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free. The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The hand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see houses and firesides, and school-houses, and books, and where all was want and crime, and fetters, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death. [A voice—"Glory."] I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

SAM SMALL ON TEMPERANCE.

The Government Has No Policy As To Liquor, but Prohibits "Oleo."

I served the saloon interests of this country over fifteen years with assiduity and capacity—as a customer. During that time I got well acquainted with them and learned many of their ways.

Having served the saloon-keepers so faithfully, and having sunk down almost into the mouth of a drunkard's grave, I think I have a clean commission from them to tell you what I know and to speak what I think.

If there are any here in this room who do not believe that this question should come into the pulpit I can only say that you and the devil agree with me.

It has been said that prohibition is only a thing got up for long-haired men and short-haired women to go round the country with.

The liquor interests in Georgia say that prohibition is a new fangled ism and has the Puritanical flavor of New England about it, like wooden hams.

As a brother Sam Jones very tersely puts it, "When the Lord says whoa you had better whoa."

Here's one little two-year-old preacher that is going to fight it whenever he gets a chance. I would not stand in any pusillanimous prohibitionist pulpit that would presume to lay its lips against this damnable traffic.

This government has no policy with reference to liquor. It is a policy of taxation, of license; a policy to allow rum and ruin to devastate this country for revenue only.

It would be in the interest of the government to prohibit the importation of rum as much as it is to prohibit the importation of pleuro-pneumonia.

The ignoble brewing of damnation can be imported into this country and the government can find no warrant for stepping in and stopping this debauchery.

The Democratic party has met in solemn convention and included in their plank a sumptuary law. Why, half of these Democrats would not know a sumptuary law if they saw it walking down Broadway.

Yes, it was your oleomargarine law, you know. Oleomargarine was going up and down the country seeking whom it might devour.

I was a reporter in criminal courts for ten years, and had heard the worst kind of cases tried, but I

Recent Literature.

The BLADE has received from the London publishing house of John & Robert Maxwell, Milton House, St. Bride street, E. C., a charming novel from the pen of the well-known writer of the better class of fiction, Mrs. E. M. Davy. Besides having contributed to all of the leading British periodicals delightful short stories, abounding with beautiful imagery and clothed with chastest English, Mrs. Davy has written two novels, "Under the Rose" and "Between Man and Wife," which have attained great popularity, the latter, by its boldness of conception and excellence of treatment, having created a decided sensation in literary circles. Mrs. Davy's latest work is far more pretentious than anything she has before undertaken, and, as is not always the case, is a great deal better. "A Prince of Como" is the taking title of the new novel, and from the title to the word "Finis" the interest of the reader is unwaveringly held. The characters are drawn with the bold outlining of a master hand, whose delicate shading evinces a careful study of human nature and a thorough knowledge of the art of faithfully portraying it. The action of the story is brisk throughout, some of the scenes being intensely dramatic; the plot is very cleverly constructed and well worked out, and as a whole "A Prince of Como" is an extremely strong novel, that will be deservedly very popular.

"Daring and Suffering" is the history of what is called the "Andrew's Railroad Raid," a most remarkable event occurring during the civil war told here impartially and authentically by William Pittenger. A score of Federal soldiers in disguise penetrated 200 miles from their own lines to the heart of the Confederacy, and seized a crowded railway train within the lines of the enemy's camp. Their intention was to burn the railroad bridges on an important line, and their success would have dealt a deadly blow to the Confederate cause. Only the unexpected encountering of two extra trains as they flew northward prevented their accomplishing all they proposed, and this obstruction gave rise to a thrilling chase on the railroad. When obliged to abandon the captured train the party dispersed in the woods, were hunted down with dogs, suffered a terrible imprisonment, and one-third of their number perished on the scaffold! Of the remainder, eight escaped and six were exchanged a year after leaving their own camp. They received medals and commissions as rewards for their bravery, and the whole exploit has usually been considered the most daring of the whole war. The author has had the advantage of both Confederate and Federal narrations besides his own personal experiences. The War Publishing Company, 34 Vesey street, New York. $1.50.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have added another volume to what may be called the Tolstoi literature. This one is a translation of "The Invaders and Other Stories" made by Nathan Haskell Dole There are six tales: "The Invaders;" "The Wood-Cutting Expedition;" "An Old Acquaintance;" "Lost on the Steppe; or the Snow-storm;" "Polikushka;" "Knolstomir: A Story of a Horse." There is little necessity of more than mentioning this author's name to insure interest at the present time, as his works have become well known and popular and the present will prove no exception.

The same house has issued in one volume Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The translation is made by Isabel F. Hapgood, who is one of the best translators of the time, entering as she does so heartily into the spirit of the author whose work she is putting into English. The one before us is one of the best which has ever been made, and can hardly fail to become a standard.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. also issue "The Giant Dwarf," which is a story for young and old, by the author of the "Fitch Club," "Birchwood," "Riverside Museum," etc. It is a very prettily told story, full of pathos, which sometimes will draw tears, that will in the end be turned into smiles, for the ending is just what the interested reader would wish it might be.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, issue a series of little books which are well named "Knickerbocker Nuggets," for they are veritable nuggets. The five are as follows: "Select Tales from the Gesta Romanarum," "Headless Hall and Nightmare Abbey," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tales of Fairy Land," "The Book of British Ballads." They are prettily bound, and, small as they are, are illustrated well, while the print is clear and easily read. Such pocket editions of old and well-loved authors are very convenient.

From the Putnams also comes "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane" by Mark Rutherford, and edited by Reuben Shapcott. The story is well told. It opens on an April day in April, 1814, at the time when Louis the Eighteenth was to arrive in London from Hartwell, summoned by France to the throne of his ancestors. In this first chapter is introduced the hero of the tale with his beautiful wife. The reader will follow their fortunes onward with the greatest interest. The sorrows of these two people who so misunderstood and misjudged each other form the pathetic part of the recital of a historical event.

A very beautiful edition of "Les Miserables" comes from Little, Brown & Company, Boston. The translation is excellent; the print admirable, and they are very prettily bound in dark blue and gold. It is a very fine library edition, and one which must find ready purchasers. Each part is a distinct volume.

"Ran Away from the Dutch, or Borneo from South to North," is one of the recent publications of Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. The author of the work is Mr. T. H. Perrelaer, and it was translated by Maurice Blok and adapted by A. P. Mendum. The story of adventure is brightly told, although decidedly sensational. The book is profusely illustrated.

The same publishers issue "Stories of the Magicians," of which there are three, "Thalaba and the Magicians of the Domdaniel;" "Rustem and the Genii," and "Kehama and His Sorceries." The author is Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., author of "Stories from Homer." Each tale teaches its own lesson to the reader, and to the lovers of the magical, in a most fascinating way.

"The Life and Times of John Jay," by William Whitelock, is another of the recent publications of Dodd, Mead & Co. The subject of this biography who occupied such distinguished positions was a man whose memory this country may well delight to honor. He was at one time Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the Confederates and was also the first Chief Justice of the United States. With his life the author has given a sketch of the public events from the opening of the Revolution to the election of Jefferson. The story of Mr. Jay's connection with public events is well told.

Harper & Brothers, New York issue "The Scottish Pulpit from the Reformation to the Present Day," by William M. Taylor, who is known by several works: "Peter the Apostle," "Elijah the Prophet," etc. The book is made up of a series of sketches which are designed to bring out the characteristics of the times, and of the preachers in such a way as to give point to such lessons from their work as may be useful in the present age. They were originally addressed to the students of Yale College, and are in that familiar and pleasant, though polished style, that such a purpose demands.

From the National School of Education and Oratory, Philadelphia, comes Number 15 of "The Elocutionist's Annual," a most excellent series of speakers. The present volume has in addition to the wide variety of new and standard reading and recitation, a farce, entitled "The Mouse Trap," by W. D. Howells, and a colloquy by Grace Denio Litchfield, entitled "Two Dutiful Daughters," both bright and sparkling, and well adapted to the times. Two hundred pages. Each, cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 30 cents.

Another work from the same source is "Choice Dialect," for reading and recitation. This volume contians a rare collection of choice dialect of every variety, covering a broad range of sentiment, and suited to almost every occasion. The translations from grave to gay, from humorous to pathetic, and from the simply descriptive to the highly dramatic, will be found unusually wide. Boards, 50 cents. Paper, 30 cents.

There is also "Holiday Entertainments." Everything is strictly new and has been specially prepared for this book. It is made up of short dramas, dialogues, stories, recitations, etc., in all of which are introduced many new and novel features that give the spice and sparkle so desirable for holiday occasions. Boards, 50 cents. Paper, 30 cents.

The "Child's Own Speaker," is a collection of recitations, motion songs, concert pieces, dialogues, and tableaux, for the very little children of five years' old and thereabouts. In all it contains 100 pieces, many of which have been specially written for this book. Boards, 25 cents. Paper, 15 cents. National School of Oratory, Philadelphia.

The fourth series of "The Good Things of Life," a collection of humorous pictures from *Punch* and various other pictorial papers and periodicals, has been issued by Frederick A. Stokes, New York. The book is handsomely bound, and is printed on the best of paper. The illustrations are, many of them, very funny and provocative of the heartiest laughter. A good deal of enjoyment will be found between the covers.

"Uncle Rutherford's Attic," is a story for girls, by Joanna H. Matthews, author of "The Bessie Books," "Little Sunbeams," "Breakfast for Two," etc., and also published by Frederic A. Stokes. The incidents that gradually unravel the plot are told in a bright way that makes the narrative very fascinating. The denoument comes in a thrilling manner, and the book is one that will please the girls.

Another publication from the same house is one of the beautiful gift books that always appear at this season of the year. This one is entitled "Winged Flower-Lovers," edited by Susan Barstow Skelding and illustrated by Eldelia Bridges. The designs are in colors and are charming in conception and execution. The whole makes a most tasteful affair, and just the thing to make a friend's heart glad.

Literary Notes.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. will issue a dainty little volume, called "The Old Farm House," by Abbie M. Gannett.

John Ashton is about to add to his historical series a volume on "The Fleet: Its River, Prison and Marriages."

Among the first of the holiday books is the illustrated edition of "Geraldine," which Ticknor will publish next week.

The title of Henry James's new story is "The Aspen Papers." It will run through the *Atlantic* during the coming year.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this month a volume of discourses by ex-President Noah Porter, entitled "Fifteen Years in Yale Chapel."

Miss Julia Fletcher (George Fleming) has written a novel, entitled "The Truth About Clement Ker." It will appear in Oscar Wilde's paper, the *Woman's World*.

Mr. Ivan Panin, a clever young Russian who was graduated five years ago at Harvard, is about to deliver a course of lectures in Boston on the more famous Russian writers.

Mr. J. W. Bouton will have ready early next month an edition of R. W. Lowe's "Biographical Account of English Theatrical Literature from the Earliest Times to the Present Day."

Walt Whitman will contribute to *Lippincott's* for November a series of short poems under the general heading of "November Boughs." In one of them he bids a touching farewell to life.

Gen. Francis A. Walker's article on "What Shall We Tell the Working Classes?" in the November *Scribner's*, will, it is promised, contain some very vigorous and plain-spoken words on the labor question.

"The Vision of Sir Launfall," with a new portrait of Mr. Lowell and illustrations by some of the most distinguished American artists is to be the principal holiday book for this year of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The November *Book Buyer* will contain a portrait and sketch of Augustine Birrell, the English writer, whose two volumes of essays, entitled "Obiter Dicta," have aroused so much interest and curiosity in the literary world.

Queen Margaret of Italy has collected a large Hebrew library, with the latest works on Jewish literature. She is remarkably proficient in Hebrew, having had capable Jewish instructors, and reads the Old Testament with ease.

Mr. P. W. Clayden, an immediate connection of Samuel Rogers's family, is about to publish a volume on "The Early Life" of the banker poet. He has had the use of materials that must have remained inaccessible to an outside biographer.

A series of unpublished letters written by Charles Dickens will appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine* during the coming year. A paper containing some personal reminiscences of Dickens by Toole, the comedian, will also be brought out in this periodical.

The foundations of the library of Walter Besant's People's Palace, in the East End of London, have just been laid, and the building will be completed in about eight months. It will hold nearly a quarter of a million volumes. A large number of books have already been contributed.

A picture that will find an echo in thousands of hearts opens the *Quiver* for November. It represents a little tot of 5 or 6 years of age pouring her childish sympathy into her grandmother's ear. Not inappropriately the opening paper is on "Providence and the Little Ones."

George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston, has in press a 16mo book of 137 pages, entitled "Science and Immortality." The work is a reproduction of the discussion by many eminent scientists on "What Science Says About Immortality," which attracted such wide attention in the *Christian Register*.

The paper entitled "A Diplomatic Episode," which Miss Olive Risley Seward will contribute to Scribner's for November, recalls a chapter in the political history of our government, showing how the treaty with Denmark to purchase the island of St. Thomas was ignominiously shelved in the Senate.

Off obscure the road that leads to health,
Unmarked by board or sign;
Wisdom avails not, powerless is wealth
To soothe those aches of thine.
But do not despair, with life there's hope,
The cloud conceals the sun;
With Pierce's Favorite Prescription at hand
You life's full course may run.

More truth than poetry in these lines, as thousands of ladies all over the land now blooming with health, testify to the great curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, adapted by much research and careful study to the happy relief of all those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to females. All druggists.

Remedy Against Becoming a Millionaire.

A quaint commercial authority, in speaking of the remedy which an individual should adopt who finds himself in danger of becoming a millionaire, says he ought to indulge liberally in discriminating charity, and especially to spend freely to encourage art and literature, and to stimulate languishing industries. With some men the process of accumulation is so rapid that unless they distribute as they go, freely, largely, and systematically for the good of their fellow men who do not possess their peculiar gifts and opportunities, they are in danger of realizing practically that the love of money is the root of all evil, and also of advertising themselves to the world, by the fact of their vast possessions, that they have lived selfishly, or not philanthropically.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A Friend in Need.

First Undertaker—Come around to my house to-night.

Second Undertaker—I would but I have an engagement.

"Business?"

"No. I promised a lady friend of mine to call this evening and try to cheer up her husband."

"Sick?"

"No, he's a funny man on a newspaper."

—Inventors about to apply for patents should correspond with H. G. DuBois, Patent Attorney, Washington D. C.

LADY AND BURGLAR.

A Boston Woman Found the "Man Under the Bed."

A young married lady whose face is familiar at the hospitals, charitable institutions and the various art rooms and picture galleries of Boston, had, not long since, a singular experience. Her bed-room had a large bay window front and two ordinary windows on one side of the room. It was a warm night early in the season, and her husband being absent she took the extra precaution of fastening the blinds of the long front windows by placing against them a carpet hassock. On retiring she at once fell asleep, but found herself suddenly aroused and in an instant wide awake. Wondering what had awakened her she sat up in bed and noticed that the blinds were pushed apart and that it was early dawn. She said audibly, as if to herself: "Why, I am sure I fastened those blinds!" and making up her mind to fasten them and have another nap, put her feet out of bed, but instead of touching the floor they rested on a man's stomach! Although thoroughly frightened, while feeling the quick beating of a heart beneath her feet, she thought out what was best to do. A chiffonier stood near by and with a single step she reached it, opened a drawer and took therefrom a little revolver—lately won in a bet—which had never been loaded. She cocked it and for the first time looked at her intruder. He was a colored man. She, being born and bred at the South, was as indignant at that fact as she was afraid. Pointing the pistol at him she said: "Get up, you nigger, and go out as you came in! How dare you enter a lady's room in this way?" He moved toward the window, she pointing the pistol toward him all the time, when her indignation increasing, she ordered him to "sit down!" As he obeyed he put his hand behind him, and she, fearing a razor might be forthcoming, said: "Your hand to the front, or I'll blow your black head off!" She then gave him a bit of advice and ordered him "out of the window."

Feeling nervously unstrung by this time, she opened her door to go to her mother's apartment, when lo and behold! there stood another darkey! Then she fainted. Her mother, hearing a noise, came to the room of the unexpansive garment, losing patience altogether, "it may seem very funny to you, but it strikes me that this is quite a serious matter—anything but amusing. I don't see anything very indicrous about finding another man's clothes in my wardrobe, do you?" The good lady had not seen the matter in that light at all, and this last shot cut her laugh short. "Another man's trousers, indeed!" she cried. "Well, sir, if you please, those trousers are *mine*." Then explanations followed, and peace was immediately restored. It seems that while abroad some time before the lady had ridden horseback a good deal, a necessary part of her dress being a pair of plain black trousers, and upon her return home had hung them among her husband's clothes.—*Albany Journal.*

IT WAS HIS STOMACH.

A Troublesome Case of Heart Disease Resolves Itself Into a Trifling Attack of Dyspepsia.

"This walking up stairs hurts my heart."

"Nonsense."

"No nonsense about it, doctor," replied the invalid as he seated himself in an easy chair in the cheery office of a Madison avenue physician and pressed his hands on his watch guard.

"I told you three months ago that you had no more heart disease than I have."

"I know you did, doctor, but—"

"But what? Do you think you know more about it than I do? If you do, there is no use in your paying me any more fees."

"No. I don't exactly mean that," the patient hastened to reply, "but I am almost sure my heart is affected."

"If you had been here either to see me since your first visit, I would easily have convinced you of your mistake. You have no signs of heart disease."

"What have I, then?"

"Dyspepsia—nothing else in the world."

"I didn't know that my stomach was out of order. I never have any pains except near my heart."

"That is one of the commonest of all symptoms of dyspepsia. It creates a pain in the breast and makes the heart beat rapidly; but your heart is all right. If you will take my advice I will cure you in a month."

"What shall I do?"

"Give up tea and coffee first of all. Throw away your cigarettes. Don't drink any more beer or whisky. Eat brown bread instead of white. Let hot bread, cake, puddings and pastry alone. Eat rare roast beef and plenty of meat. Take one of these powders before each meal for a month."

"What are they made of?"

"Bismuth and bi-carbonate of soda, that's all. If you will do as I tell you, take plenty of exercise and quit thinking that you are an invalid, you will be the healthiest man in New York long before Christmas. Half the cases of so-called heart disease are only indigestion, and more men are scared to death than die any other way. How much? Three dollars, please, and if cutting off a tax fault if you pay another doctor's fee in the next ten years. Good day."

Death Comes Like Gentle Slumber.

A commonly fatal disease has a certain benumbing effect on the nerves, so that the dying suffer very little, writes Dr. T. L. Cuyler. Such has been my observation. I had not thought, said a certain good man, "that it could be so easy to die." As life ebbs away usually sensibility to pain goes with it. So gently did a certain eminent chemist breathe his last that a teaspoonful of milk which he held in his hand was not even upset—the dead man held it still. Death is very often a slow fading out of the faculties, like the coming of a tranquil twilight. The sense of hearing sometimes remains intensely acute, so that the dying overhear a whisper in the room "She is sinking very fast," was whispered by an attendant in the dying chamber of a goodly woman. "No, no," was the quick response of her who had overheard the words, "No, I am not sinking. I am in the arms of my Savior." The sense of sight generally weakens in the process of dying. A medical friend of mine said to his wife: "Set that lamp closer to me; the room seems to be growing dark." Such were the sensations of Dr. Adam, the learned principal of the Edinburgh High school, who fancied himself to be in his school-room, and gently murmured: "Boys, it is getting dark; you may go home." Of deaths on the battle-field, a large proportion must be without severe physical agony, for a gun-shot wound is apt to numb the sensibilities. When a bullet pierces either the heart or the brain, there can be no pain. Probably our glorious martyr, Abraham Lincoln, never knew what hurt him." Drowning is far from painful. Those who have been resuscitated tell us that their sensations were rather exhilarating.

The Topaz.

Said an expert in precious stones to a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter:

"The only topaz found on Pike's Peak is almost equal in value to the diamond. Not many people know this; but I found a topaz on the banks of the Platte river this summer, and sent it to a lapidary in New York to have it cut. It weighed 828 carats, and the lapidary sent me back word that he would give me $500 for it. I refused the offer, and investigation disclosed the fact that if I had sold the stone it would have found its way into some of the large jewelry stores of the metropolis, where, cut into innumerable small stones, it would have been offered for sale as genuine diamonds. Clear white topaz is worth $9 a carat. A three carat, well-cut stone will cost you $30 or $40. The white topaz has the brilliancy and hardness of the diamond, and differs from it only in being somewhat transparent. Its angle of refraction differs only slightly from that of the diamond. It is rare, too."

A Useful Study.

Professor (who is taking dinner with the family, to Johnny, who has just entered)—My good lad, what studies are you now pursuing?

Johnny (respectfully)—Algebra, sir, and European history; Latin, and rhetoric.

Professor (after clearing his throat)—That's right, my lad, that's right. By studying rhetoric we learn a great many things which we would not learn if we did not study rhetoric.

Johnny (shivering with awe)—Yes, sir.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Garments Which are All of the Same Origin.

The East Indian woman still winds herself up in her chudder, as the Scotch shepherd does in his plaid. The shawl, which enters so largely into the capabilities of the toilette, is of the same race, and so are all the envelopes of the feminine wardrobe—the fichus, the veils, the scarfs, not to speak of the more legitimate cloak, mantle and jacket. So are the Spanish cloaks, the wrappers, the shepherd's maud, the blanket of the Indian, the burnous of the Arab. All have the same origin and answer the same purpose.

An Angel in the Home.

It is probable that one-half of the entire globe is composed of free or combined oxygen. The gas occurs in a state of freedom in the atmosphere of which it constitutes one-fifth part by volume. At every inspiration oxygen passes into the lungs there meeting the blood in which it is dissolved and carried into every part of the animal frame. It is what supplies the heat to the system. As a remedial agent, in restoring impaired vitality, its value is universally conceded by all branches of the medical profession. Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., have found means by which this valuable and safe remedy for many of the ills from which humanity suffers can be supplied to patients at their homes. Compound Oxygen as prepared by them has already effected thousands of cures, as their testimonials, printed in a pamphlet sent to any address, free of postage, amply proves.

CURIOUS CEREMONIES.

How the Natives of Anam Mark the Various Stages of Life.

The curious philosophical views of life which appear to be common to the races of the Chinese stock, and the elaborate ceremonials by which they are symbolized and emphasized, give a rare interest to all that relates to the manners and customs of those peoples, whatever may be their particular nationality, says the *Popular Science Monthly*. Nowhere are these features more marked, or do they savor more of another world than ours, than in Anam. We are indebted to certain French writers, whose military and political events have given rare opportunities to observe, for some fresh and original accounts of the inhabitants of this country and of their characteristic beliefs and usages.

M. Henry M. d'Estrey has given, in the *Revue Scientifique*, descriptions of the principal ceremonies prescribed in the rites to commemorate the most important events in life, which are six in number, viz.: 1. *Gea Ke*, or the imposition of a pin in the hair dressing of a maiden on her reaching puberty; 2. *Gea Quan*, or the imposition at the South, was as indignant at that fact as she was afraid. Pointing the pistol at him she said: "Get up, you nigger, and go out as you came in! How dare you enter a lady's room in this way?" He moved toward the window, she pointing the pistol toward him all the time, when her indignation increasing, she ordered him to "sit down!" As he obeyed he put his hand behind him, and she, fearing a razor might be forthcoming, said: "Your hand to the front, or I'll blow your black head off!" She then gave him a bit of advice and ordered him "out of the window."

Feeling nervously unstrung by this time, she opened her door to go to her mother's apartment, when lo and behold! there stood another darkey! Then she fainted. Her mother, hearing a noise, came to the room of the unexpansive garment, losing patience altogether, "it may seem very funny to you, but it strikes me that this is quite a serious matter—anything but amusing. I don't see anything very indicrous about finding another man's clothes in my wardrobe, do you?" The good lady had not seen the matter in that light at all, and this last shot cut her laugh short. "Another man's trousers, indeed!" she cried. "Well, sir, if you please, those trousers are *mine*." Then explanations followed, and peace was immediately restored. It seems that while abroad some time before the lady had ridden horseback a good deal, a necessary part of her dress being a pair of plain black trousers, and upon her return home had hung them among her husband's clothes.—*Albany Journal.*

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 304 West King street, Toronto, Canada.

A Beautiful Woman.

Paula de Vignier must have been one of the most beautiful women in the world, if we are to credit the unanimous testimony of all her contemporaries. The fame of her beauty was so widespread that poems were written in all languages extolling her charms and designating her as "Paula, the beautiful, the miracle of nature." Every time she showed herself in Toulouse, her native city, she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of men and women and youths of both sexes, who gazed in rapture as she passed. Travelers came long distances to see her. The parliament of Toulouse, being apprehensive of riot, saw no other way to prevent a breach of the peace than to address a formal request to Paula that she would wear a close veil every time she went out. The people of the town were indignant at being denied the sight of the most beautiful woman in creation, and threatened to use violence. Whereupon the parliament decreed that Paula should stand twice a week unveiled at her window and show herself to the public for an hour each time. Paula complained of this restriction, but her remonstrance was unheeded. She retained her extraordinary beauty and the symmetry of her figure up to the 80th year of her age.—*Revue Litteraire.*

Three Newspaper Puns.

The girl of the period has some very commercial ways about her.—*Lowell Citizen.*

There is sex in fruit; haven't you heard of a man-date?—*Texas Siftings.*

Only the pretty girl can be saucy with impunity.—*Somerville Journal.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

CURIOUS forms of woman's fights exist among the Alaskian Eskimos. In all their business transactions, in all their family affairs, and in all matters whatsoever where it is possible for the women of the household to have a word to say her decision is needed to make these affairs final. Every time a man wants to undertake a business transaction he takes his wife along with him to ratify or veto the bargain, and should she be absent at the time she may afterwards put in an appearance and upset the whole affair. Funniest of all, the same equivalent transactions of the women are not subject to the same supervising power of men, who have nothing to say regarding the bargains of their wives or daughters, except to foot the bill if any compensation is promised by the squaws that the men are expected to fill, as work, utensils they can make, or even money, where they get it from white men and understand its value. The succession of a king or chief, is not by his children but by his wife's nearest male relative, thus preventing hereditary descent. Polygamy and polyandry are both practiced. The squaws frequently purchase second and third husbands, paying as high as $1,000 for them when they have been successful in trading with white men. There are many rich women among them, whose wealth came through inheritance, or through mercantile ability, of which they possess a large amount.

THE extent to which Anglomania is being carried among our people is both absurd and disgusting. More of it appears in the large Eastern cities than farther West. "English people are so refined, so cultivated; they have such exquisite manners, and are always so self-possessed," say these critics of "the manners born." They have not the advantage of generations of ancestors with wealth, leisure and education, but are in every way *nouveau riche*, and this fact sometimes becomes glaringly apparent. Not always, for native shrewdness and quick wit will soon cover over deficiencies and make quite as agreeable companions as the blue bloods.

OUTSIDE of the drawing-room, however, commend us to the average Englishman for boorishness, unless he is really at heart a gentleman. The polished veneering quickly disappears, and the intensity of his conviction that his own country is the only one that the sun of prosperity ever really shone upon renders him overbearing, gruff and insolent. He entirely lacks the good natured bonhommie of the unpolished American, and ill luck betides the man or woman who ventures to make free with him without being properly introduced and vouched for. The feminine side of the house is no better. The sweet ways, the courteous manners in their own or friends' houses, which long training has given them, disappear when they are brought in contact with those they do not regard as their equals.

SOME of these people who put on such high and lofty airs, who ape English manners and customs at the same time crying down and regarding with scorn their own country, bring to mind some lines from *Punch*. As Jack Bunsby would say "the bearing of the observation lies in the application on't":

"There is a charm I can describe
About a girl I do not know—
Its her golden hair.
And her lofty air,
And her teeth as white as snow.

She boards every day the bob-tailed car,
In which I ride across-town,
With a proud, proud air
She lands up her fare,
And haughtily sets she down.

She never will let me pass the cash,
And sternly she looks me o'er,
And I know by her gaze,
And her proud, *proud* ways,
She's a clerk in a candy store."

THAT reminds the salad-server of a story told of Theodore Hook. He was walking along the street one day when he saw a man full of pomposity strutting on as if he owned the world and a part of the planets. Mr. Hook was so much amused at the sight that his sense of humor overcame him, and he stepped quickly up to the man, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "I beg your pardon; are you anybody in particular," then passed on before Mr. Pomposity had time to recover from his surprise. The individual furnishes a great deal of amusement to the lookers-on by his efforts at imposing dignity, so he has his use in the world. And generally speaking he is happy, for he believes himself the pivot upon which the solar system swings around, and it is not so much what one really is, as what one believes himself to be, that makes up the sum of a pleasant existence.

"IT always makes one feel painfully honest when another picks up a fat pocket-book a few steps ahead of you," is a saying of *Punch* which has a much more extended meaning than that appearing upon the surface. Perhaps there are none of us who are entirely guiltless of indignation towards an act which is, if not absolutely and radically wrong, yet shades that way, but has brought profit and pleasure to its doer—an indignation which we might not feel if we were sharers in the emoluments. It is selfish human nature, of course; but it is well, when feeling and expressing such strong condemnation of another, to stop and consider how much of the indignation is righteous, and how much is aroused by what is really envy. Many times it is the loss of the "fat pocket book" that give such keenness to the moral perceptions.

SOME French ladies are going into the dress reform in a most astonishingly thorough manner. In Paris, six titled women have thrown off petticoats entirely, and donned male attire. They have formed an association and started a club. The Presidentess is the Marchioness of Belboeuf, who was the first to make her appearance in the reform dress. It is said that she was led to this daring innovation on long established customs from having traveled in the East with her husband for several years, through regions where that was the only dress which was safe and comfortable. Upon going back to civilization, she found the regulation costume for women so burdensome that she resolved not to return to it, and, being independent and daring, made her appearance in public clothed as she preferred and not as custom decreed. She soon found others to join her, and, as before said, an association was formed. What it will amount to remains to be seen. A correspondent says: "The Marchioness DE BELBOEUF and her fine companions are at present making all Paris stare at their dog-carts and bicycles. They are good whips, and they "tool" the prettiest of dog-carts along the Boulevard and through the Bois. They ride bicycles and manage them with the dexterity of professors. It is a sight worth seeing, to witness these ladies rolling along the asphalt in line in their satin breeches and hose, and coats and caps. Crowds linger and look at them, but with the indifference of well-bred dames they push on and take no notice."

The Sweetest Girl in School.

"She's the sweetest girl in school!" enthusiastically exclaimed one young miss to another, as they passed down the street together. "Edith is so kind, and gentle, and unselfish, every one likes her. And she has lovely golden hair and pretty eyes. Isn't it a pity her complexion is so bad; it spoils her looks. And she has such dreadful headaches!" The girls skipped along, but it happened that Edith's mother had heard what they said. It set her thinking. What could be done for those headaches and the rough, muddy complexion that was such a trial to her gentle daughter. Her mother would find out. She read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and on the spur of the moment she slipped into a drug store and bought a supply. Edith took it faithfully, with the result that it cleared her disordered blood, relieved the headaches, made her skin soft, fair and rosy, and now she is not only the "sweetest girl in school," but the most beautiful.

"Too Many Napoleons of Finance Around."

I can recognize an honest dollar as well as any man, though a little short-sighted. But, gentlemen, money, like fire, though a good servant, is a bad master. For my part I mourn for Vanderbilt, and if there were any use I would pray for Gould. My notion is that, considering our proximity to Canada, there are too many Napoleons of finance on this continent. Strange as it may seem to the average Napoleon, there are yet some people who have an old-fashioned prejudice against stealing. Be sure that he who seeks too short a route to riches in this world will find his way to that quarter of the world to come where not one drop of water-thin Dives put in the stock he imbibed on Lazarus was able to reach and moisten the tongue that lied so well. In short, my friends, now, as always, the true way to make a dollar is to earn it.—*Henri Watterson.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

WHILE WE ARE CAMPING TOGETHER.

G. L. WILSON.

[Tune: "While We Were Marching Thro' Georgia."]

Come, ye Sons of Vet'rans, come, and let your voices ring!
Sound the ringing choral as our fathers used to sing!
Shout aloud the praises that to memory would spring,
While we are camping together.

CHORUS:—
Hurrah! hurrah! The smoke has cleared away!
Hurrah! hurrah! There dawns a brighter day!
Yet we guard the sacred trust, as those who led the way;
While we are camping together.

Do not let the measure drag, but raise your voices high!
Sing it as our fathers used to sing in days gone by!
Shout the praise of Loyalty, and land it to the sky!
While we are camping together.

Bring that "B. C." "hard-tack," now, that time can never rend!
May it be an emblem of the Union we defend!
Lay it as a corner-stone to never break or bend!
While we are camping together.—CHO.

Yes, the war is over, boys; and heaven's field of blue
Glitters with its starry host in unison so true,
Federals on high who sing of peace and union too,
While we are camping together.

Come, ye Vet'ran Boys in Blue, and help us sing the song!
Help us sing of Loyal sons, the vanquishers of wrong!
Help us sing as if we were a hundred thousand strong!
While we are camping together.

Chips from the Field.

B. P. VAWTER, of Scottsville, Ill., says: I notice in last BLADE that R. C. Browning, who was a corporal in Co. E, 7th Tenn. Cav. Vol., but now a resident of Leard, Clark county, Ark., wants to know if Col. John I. Rinaker, of the 122d Ill. Vol. is still living. Yes, Gen. Rinaker resides in Carlinville, Ill. He is one of the foremost attorneys-at-law in this state; is a member of the state board of railroad and warehouse commissioners; is a grand man, and still limps from the wound received at Parker's Cross Roads.

S. S., of Howard City, Mich., says: "I want to give my hand to Steve E. Payne. Now, if memory serves me right, it was proved in Congress, when the subject of reinstating Jeff Davis to citizenship was being discussed, that he ordered the batteries to be turned upon the prisoners at Andersonville if our troops came within seven miles of that hell-hole."

J. H. McCoy, late of Co. D, 5th Ky., Hegira, Ky., writes to remind the boys of the 3d brigade, Kilpatrick's division, of the old times when they marched through the South and lived on sweet potatos, alternated with stock peas and parched corn.

Abner D. Farrar, Co. B, 1st Wis. Cav. Vol., Iroquois, Kingsbury Co., Dak.: Your title was appropriate but, owing to its length, we were compelled to use another. No one will doubt the veracity of your statements, and there is no question but that they will be saved from oblivion even under the caption given it by us. Mr. Farrar would like very much to hear from members of his regiment, and thinks that an account of Jeff Davis's capture would be interesting.

C. A. Edwards, Co. A, 2d Me. Vol., Abner, Tenn., suggests that it would now be a good time for the government to redeem its promises and pay every soldier the difference between greenbacks and greenbacks at the time of the war. He says that he was in the war three years and never received dollar in anything but greenbacks.

B. Hayden Harbin, of Puxico, Mo., says: I am an old soldiers' son. My father died from a disease which he contracted in the late war. I wish I was old enough to vote for Marine and Lincoln battle next Presidential election. I will close with "Hurrah for Blaine and Lincoln."

Perrin R. Nott, late private of company K, 89th Illinois, wants to hear from some of his old comrades. He would like to know when they will hold their next reunion.

A. C. Burton, of Mitchell, Ind., says that a grand reunion was held there by the soldiers about September 19. A straw for President was taken with the result that Governor J. B. Foraker received a unanimous vote.

On Lookout Mountain.

EDITOR CAMPFIRE:—Here I am again. Seeing my others in print encourages me. I read every letter in the CAMPFIRE the first thing after I got the paper and I like it very much. I came to Texas in February, 1877, from Putnam county, Ohio. I must say I am glad old Buckeye still keeps the Republican banner afloat. As for me, I want to see a Republican President elected in 1888, and would be as well satisfied with Robert L. Lincoln and Gov. J. B. Foraker for a team as any, although my choice was Sherman and Foraker. I don't want any more old Vets if it can be otherwise, and I think it can if the old Vets will come out and vote as they fought. I was a participant in the first capture of Lookout mountain. Our regiment (23d Ky.) and the 84th Ill. and 24th Ohio were the first Yankee troops on the mountain. It was in September, 1863, just a short time before the Chickamauga fight. The boys will call to mind the mountain, and there was a happy time coming down into the valley, where we camped over night in Bragg's old camp. All the rebs I saw on the mountain was one prisoner with the thumb shot off his right hand. Readers and comrades, let us one and all do our level best to keep the fire bright and blazing.—I. F. ADAMS, Co. C, 23d Ky. V. I.

A Southern Federal.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—You must excuse me for my third effort trying to get my chip on the CAMP FIRE. It was my enthusiasm and not the thought of trying to be eloquent that prompted me to write. I was much pleased with the CAMP FIRE. 'Tis true I was in the South during the war and received not a few taunts from troops of more favored localities that it was too far South for loyalty, and it was bad taste to pretend to be loyal in the Southern state, etc. Now, so far as patriotism or Republicanism is concerned, I claim to be second to none, considering my ability to grasp or comprehend. I was three and a half years in the First Tennessee cavalry on the federal side, and I presume have as good record as a soldier in an Ohio or Illinois regiment. I think so, and have voted the Republican ticket, nothing else, and hope to have the privilege of voting for Robert T. Lincoln in '88, and hope the old BLADE grand success and all that.—OLD SOLDIER.

A Terrible Fight.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Having recently become a subscriber of the BLADE and being one of Uncle Sam's boys who donned the blue at the first call to arms, I thought I would add a chunk to the fire. I think that I rank among the youngest that took the field in 1861 as a soldier. I was born in 1845 and my regiment was mustered in at Camp Dennison, Ohio, and was immediately ordered into active service. I never missed a march or fight or was

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

International Date Line.

I. H. Mack, Albienne, Kan.; Wm. Mackey, Cuyahoga, O.

Will the BLADE please give a more extended account of the "International Date Line" published some month ago?

This subject is one of great interest and the Bureau answered it briefly some time ago. Taking for granted a familiarity with the rotundity of the earth and its daily revolution from west to east on its axis it will not be difficult to understand the idea of a date line, or line marking the places where the days of the week are assumed to begin and end. The International Date Line marks the boundary between places settled by men who came from the east and those settled by men who came from the west. When it is Sunday west of this line it is Saturday east of it. There seems to be an impression that 180 degrees east or west from Greenwich is the point at which this change of date occurs. This is, however, not the case. The line is a very irregular one, located mainly in the Pacific Ocean and extending from pole to pole. Along the date line there must be made later by one day when crossing it from the east to west, and earlier by one day when crossing it from west to east. The earth revolves on its axis from west to east every 24 hours. Suppose a person starting from Greenwich on the meridian at the moment of sunrise, on Monday morning, were able to travel due west with the same speed with which the earth revolves eastward, he would make the journey around the earth and arrive in Greenwich 24 hours exactly after starting. Twenty-four hours of time have elapsed, but to this traveler the sun has been on the point of rising all the time, and to him it would still be sunrise Monday morning, while to his family it would, of course, be sunrise Tuesday morning. He has apparently lost a day. Now, suppose he were to start at noon, on Tuesday, and travel eastward at the same rate of speed with which the earth revolves eastward on its axis. He would make the journey around the earth in exactly twenty-four hours. It would be noon when he reached the opposite side of the earth and noon again when he returned to his starting point. He would have three noons in twenty-four hours. On his return it would seem to him to be Thursday noon, though his family would assure him it was only Wednesday noon. He would apparently have gained a day by traveling eastward. For every degree one travels westward it is necessary to turn back the hand of a watch four minutes, in order to keep the time of the meridian crossed. Every traveler on east and west lines, even comparatively short journeys, is aware of this gain or loss of time. When we travel around the earth, in either direction, there is a difference in time of one day, the result being the same without regard to the rate of speed. To avoid this confusion of dates, some line has been determined upon at which eastward travelers add a day and westward-bound travelers drop a day from their reckoning. This line is what is meant by the date line. The calendars used in the civilized world originated in Rome. Communication from Rome westward would naturally be considered earlier in time, at the same instant, while eastward communication would be considered later, in the same instant. The date lines would occur wherever these communicated Europe, the islands of the Atlantic, to South America and the greater part of North America communication from Rome came westward. The date line in the Pacific Ocean is located in the Atlantic or in America. To the eastern part of Europe and to Asia communication from Rome came eastward. Date lines were therefore established in the Pacific Ocean between islands that received dates by eastward and by westward communication. To illustrate this in the case of Alaska: Alaska, as Russian America, received its dates from the west, corresponding with those of Asia. The northwestern part of British America received its dates from the east, corresponding with those of America and Europe. Russian Americans and British Americans therefore differed as to the day of the week. Here was a clear date line, causing confusion. When Russian America, now Alaska, was purchased by the United States, the day that was Sunday with the Russians was Monday with the Americans. This is now the date line has been pushed out into the straits and Alaska conforms to the rest of the United States. It will be seen that this date line can not be located on a definite

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1887.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

IN THE COURT OF LAST RESORT.

The first case involving the validity of Prohibition legislation is now before the Supreme court of the United States, the tribunal of last resort, and a decision may soon be expected. The decision is awaited with intense interest by all friends of Prohibition, for it is a test case, and will have much to do with the hastening or the postponing of the final triumph of Prohibition in the nation. That this is sure to come is as certain as that GOD rules; but this decision, if adverse, will postpone that desirable consummation perhaps for a score of years, while a favorable ruling will hasten the coming of the deliverance of the nation from the curse of Rum.

The Rum Power in the Prohibition states has done as all wrong-doers do—first defied all laws that interfered with its unholy traffic; then endeavored, by bribery and corruption, to defeat the enactment of laws directed against the traffic, or to defeat the will of the people by the corrupt use of money at the polls. Failing in this, this, the state courts were invoked; but their decisions have uniformly sustained Prohibitory legislation. Finally the famous WALRUFF case was brought before Judge BREWER, of the United States District court for the Eighth district, which comprises the states of Kansas and Iowa, and he decided that the state was obliged to make compensation to brewers, distillers, etc., who had been in business before Prohibition was enacted.

The question raised by the Rum Power is, whether the process of closing saloons by injunction, without a trial before a jury, and of outlawing breweries and distilleries without compensation, is not in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution of the United States, which declares that

> No state shall make any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United states; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law.

The WALRUFF case, mentioned above, did not cover the entire ground, but favored the cause of Rum as far as it went; for it will be a great stumbling stone to the progress of Prohibitory legislation if the people of the state have to pay, from the treasury, the value of the breweries and distilleries closed in the state by Prohibition. Another case was brought before Judge BREWER, being that of ZIEBOLD & HAGELIN, Atchison, Kansas. In this the court decided that the process of closing saloons by injunction, without jury trials, was not "due process of law" within the meaning of the above quoted portion of the Fourteenth Amendment. This case was appealed to the Supreme court of the United States by the state of Kansas. The argument was made on October 11, Senator VEST, of Missouri, being one of the counsel for the Rum interest.

The state of Kansas presented a printed brief, but no counsel appeared to rebut the arguments advanced by Senator VEST and the other liquor lawyer on behalf of the Rum Power. It is said that the attorney general of the state was betrayed by the attorneys for the opposite side, an agreement being made to submit the case on printed briefs and that there should be no oral argument. The liquor attorneys having violated this, application has been made to the Supreme court to reopen the case.

The gravity of the decision of this case can hardly underestimated. It will be irrevocable. From it there can be no appeal. The highest court in the land will decide as to how far the constitution of the United States covers state legislation upon Prohibition, and its decision will be as unalterable as the constitution itself.

The only decision heretofore by the Supreme court of the United States upon the matter of Prohibitory legislation is that a state has the right to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors. That matter is decided, and is safe. The question whether a state has the right to prohibit without compensating brewers and distillers, or to close saloons by injunction without jury trials, have never before come up.

But though no case has been decided, yet a case having some of these features came before the Supreme court. A Kansas brewer ran a retail saloon in a room in his brewery. The entire concern was closed, as a nuisance, by injunction, and the case was taken to the United States District court (Judge BREWER). The decision there was, that the brewery could not be closed without compensation, and Judge BREWER remanded the case to the lower court, without passing upon the question of the constitutionality of the injunction proceedings. An appeal was taken to the Supreme court. There are nine supreme justices upon the full bench but Judge WOODS, who has since died, was absent on account of sickness. The eight justices divided evenly upon the case—from holding one way, the remaining four the other.

But it does not follow that the decision in the present case would follow this. The judges are influenced by argument, and the counsel for the state of Kansas may present points not brought up in the former case, which would prove sound and irresistible to the members of the court. Should, however, the justices divide as they did before, there will be no decision; and when the vacant judgeship is filled by CLEVELAND, the new appointee will be able to hold the casting vote. This gives renewed interest to this pending nomination. It is believed generally that Secretary LAMAR will be advanced to the Supreme bench, and his views on this question seem to be entirely unknown. So far, diligent inquiry among his friends fails to find any one who ever heard him express an opinion upon the constitutionality of prohibitory legislation.

Should the decision sustain the Kansas law, the march of Prohibition will be unfettered. So fast as the freemen of the states can be brought to realize the enormity of the evils of the traffic, and the resulting good to the commonwealth from Prohibition, those states will move into the Prohibition column; and when the necessary three-fourths are won, national Prohibition, through an amendent to the federal constitution, will follow as a matter of course.

Should the decision be adverse, the work will be hampered. It will not be stopped; it cannot be stopped, any more than the ceaseless march of time can be stopped. But the question of paying for those accursed plague-spots, the distilleries and breweries—the fountains whose fiery and poisonous waters blight and curse the land—will put difficulties in the way. But these will be surmounted. Even if they have to be paid for, the distilleries and breweries that curse the land will have to go. The people will see it is cheaper to do this than to maintain prisons, and poor-houses, and police forces, and asylums; they will be all the more earnest in the efforts to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

WAVING THE BLOODY SHIRT.

GROVER CLEVELAND having completed his swing around the circle, JEFF. DAVIS, once the alleged "President" of the so-called "Confederate States," under a form of government attempted to be set up by people in rebellion against the United States, has been making a triumphal tour, to attend the state fair at Macon, Georgia. The enthusiasm with which he was greeted was unbounded. Last week there was a grand torchlight demonstration in Macon in his honor, and a speech was made by HENRY JACKSON, late minister of this government to Mexico, to the surviving veterans of the rebel armies who were in attendance.

MR. JACKSON'S speech is a bold one. He waves the bloody shirt for all it is worth. His words were a direct appeal to the old rebel spirit, and attempt to fan into flame the embers of the fires that once threatened the unity of the nation. Had Governor FORAKER, or any Republican of the North, made a speech taking ground one-half as strong on the opposite side, every Democratic organ in the North would have shouted savage denunciations against "stirring up sectional strife." To our mind, it is as reprehensible on the one side as on the other. Now let JACKSON be rebuked. We wait for the denunciation of our Democratic brethren of the press.

MR. JACKSON'S remarks are given in our telegraphic columns. We ask that they have an attentive reading. And if the rule is to be to avoid all reference to the rebellion, we submit that MR. JACKSON'S remarks are worthy of the severest reprobation on this ground alone, not to speak of the sentiments he advanced.

We are perfectly willing to let the mantle of silence and charity fall upon that struggle, if the results thereof be accepted in good faith by the people of the South. But if this remarkable person, JACKSON, is a fair exponent of Southern sentiment, the arbitrament of the sword has not settled the main point in the interpretation of the federal constitution which was in dispute.

The states which revolted claimed that the constitution was but a treaty between sovereign states, a compact that could be dissolved at the will of any state. The rest of the Union claimed it to be an indissoluble compact, impossible to be broken. Several states tested the matter by passing ordinances of secession from the Union. They pretended to reassume their independent sovereignty, and formed an alleged government called the "Confederate states."

Now, one of two things are certainly true: Either the constitution is a mere treaty, from which the states had the right to secede, or it is indissoluble. If it is indissoluble, then they were rebels, and the federal government had the right to assert its authority by force of arms, and to crush the rebellion—as it did.

If the constitution is a mere treaty, then the states had a right to secede, and the federal government waged an unjustifiable war of conquest against them, and subjugated them.

There are but these two sides. One is correct, the other false. If the first is correct, then the leaders of the Southern states were traitors and rebels. If the second is correct, the Union was an oppressive conqueror, crushing the liberties of these people by force of arms.

MR. JACKSON takes the latter view. He says the people of Georgia were not rebels, because they were loyal to Georgia, and did not owe allegiance to the national government. He says state sovereignty is not dead, but is "the only principle of government expressive enough to meet the requirements of advancing civilization."

It is the believe of all loyal men that the war settled this question forever; that it decided that this country "is a Nation with a big N"—that a citizen's loyalty and allegiance are due to the United States, not to the state in which he lives, because the latter is not sovereign; that belongs only to the United States. MR. JACKSON raises the issue again.

Is MR. JACKSON'S idea that of the Democrats of the South? Is it approved of by the Democrats of the North? The federal constitution has no amendment settling the point. Which interpretation is to prevail? We believe JACKSON misrepresents the people of the South. We believe that his waving of the bloody shirt ill-judged, and that it merits the strongest condemnation of all patriotic citizens, north and south.

UNDER a law passed at the last session of Congress, it will no longer be possible to starve off a contest for a seat in the House of Representatives until the closing days of the contestee's term. Hence, public interest is wakening in the matter of the eight contests that will come before the next House, which are as follows:

Frank (R.) against Glover (D.), St. Louis, Mo., district; Lynch (D.) against Vandever (R.), Los Angeles, Cal., district; Sullivan (D.) against Felton (R.), San Mateo, Cal., district; Worthington (D.) against Post (R.), Galesburg, Ill., district; Lowey (D.) against White (R.), Fort Wayne, Ind., district; Thoobe (D.) against Carlisle (D.), Covington, Ky., district; Smalls (R.) against Elliel, (D.), Beaufort, S. C., district; McDuffy (R.) against Davidson (D.), Uniontown, Ala., district.

The one of this which gives the most uneasiness to the Democrats is that of THOEBE against CARLISLE. Despite the talk that THOEBE has no case, Mr. CARLISLE'S friends are uneasy over the Knights of Labor taking up his contest and hiring counsel to see if the explanations of the falling off in the Democratic vote will stand the scrutiny of an unprejudiced committee.

THE Chicago *Journal* rather needlessly remarks:

> Hon. Robert T. Lincoln's Presidential boom is not dead but sleeping—taking a rest, as it were. It will be time enough to wake it up next spring. In the meantime, the less its owner says to interviewers the better it will be for the boom.

Well, MR. LINCOLN isn't saying anything, is he? The "boom" is in the safest possible hands—in those of the people of the nation, who believe in LINCOLN, and who will do all they can to make him President.

THE official returns from the recent election in Tennessee on the proposed prohibition amendment to the state constitution have been received. For the amendment 117,504 votes were cast; against it, 145,197; majority against, 27,693. Thirty-four counties voted for and 62 against the amendment, and it is a singular fact that in nearly every instance those counties that had formerly adopted local option voted in the negative.

LITTLE by little the methods by which the GORMAN gang in Baltimore won the day in the municipal election are coming to light. It is now proved that the Democratic "plug uglies" prevented negroes from voting by charging them 25 cents each for swearing in their votes.

THE JEFF DAVIS ovation at Macon seems to have had for its purpose an attempt to reverse the facts of history, and re-write the record from 1861 to 1865.

THE REBEL RENAISSANCE.

The great reunion of Confederate veterans at Macon, at which JEFFERSON DAVIS was the star attraction, is significant only because of the utterances of the speakers on that occasion—DAVIS himself, "Mud-wall" JACKSON, and Governor GORDON. And with these utterances are to be taken others of the same tenor at the great Confederate gathering at Richmond, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the LEE memorial.

No one objects to the kissing of JEFF DAVIS'S hand, to the snivelling over an old rebel battle-flag, or to the personal adulation paid to DAVIS. It is but human nature that these things should be. No one can object to the people of the South paying due tribute to the brave men who fought for its cause—though that cause was an unworthy one. Such things do not disturb the people of the other portions of the country.

But the sentiments voiced, both at Macon and at Richmond, are such that every loyal man must perforce give them his attention.

The claim was made by DAVIS himself and the other speakers that the cause for which the South fought is not dead; that its principles live to-day, and that they are triumphant in the nation, through the election of GROVER CLEVELAND as chief magistrate.

The Southern ex-rebels and their Northern lickspittles, the Democratic leaders, have been howling that "the war is over," that the "issues are settled," and pouring out their vials of wrath upon any Republican who dares allude to the crushing of the slaveholders' rebellion. Now come the head and front of that rebellion, with prominent leaders, joining in a declaration that the "Lost Cause" is not lost; that it lives, and that it is triumphant to-day in the United States.

The red flash of treason's fires at Macon was responded to by the orator of the day at Richmond, who took the same ground, viz: that though beaten in the field the South is now triumphaut through the ballot.

We of the North are brought face to face with the old issue—that of state rights in its most advanced and offensive form. We are told, in effect, that the war settled nothing; that the South, after appealing to the arbitrament of war, and losing her cause, now refuses to accept that decision, and clings to the old issues; that, by the complaisance of Northern Democrats, she has now virtually triumphed, and is in practical control of the nation; and that the thousands of lives and millions of treasure that the war cost were uselessly spent.

And we in Ohio are to have the lesson forced home to us, if possible, by the defeat of FORAKER, if money and Southern orators can do it, in revenge for his brave and patiotic opposition to CLEVELAND'S rebel flag order.

The answer must be such another as Ohio gave when these Southern state-rights gentry fired upon the flag that floated over Sumter. It will be a majority for FORAKER that will show these malignant revivers of a dead issue—these cowards who go back upon the verdict recorded against them by the red hand of the god of war, whom they invoked—that the patriotism and loyalty of the sons of the glorious Buckeye state are undiminished.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* flaunts this ticket at the head of its columns:

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN B. GORDON, OF GEORGIA.

In a recent number, this same paper has an editorial abusing PHIL SHERIDAN; and, in another article abusing the Grand Army, under the caption, "An Organized Menace," it says:

> The meanest, shallowest, most contemptable organization in all this country is that which poses under the pompous name of the Grand Army of the Republic. It is an aggregation of leeches, hypocrites and dead-beats.
>
> This diabolical organization merely embodies the true spirit of that party of which John Brown and Thad Stevens were great and shining lights. It is capable of anything that is gaged for lawful authority and the proprieties of common decency. It is an organized menace to law and order.

That is the way those fellows feel. And they send this GORDON to Ohio to aid in the attempt to defeat FORAKER because of his loyalty to the old flag.

COLONEL MARSHALL, the orator of the day at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to the rebel chief, ROBERT E. LEE, at Richmond, thus spoke of the rebel chiefs and their cause:

> To them the cause was one for which it was an honor to fight and a glory to die.
>
> We are here to-day to honor ourselves by doing honor to the memory of the foremost champion of that cause.
>
> *If we look for a moment at the result of the method of composing the troubles of the country in 1861, adopted by Mr. Lincoln,* I do not think that much encouragement will be found to resort to it again.

Which is to say, if another trial of secession were to be made, the plan of maintaining the integrity of the Union by war would not be attempted. So? Well, try it again, if you think so!

THE general tone of the market for our great staples is one of firmness. Receipts of wheat, corn, cotton and live stock were of large dimensions relatively to the stage of the season, but prices held their own or improved somewhat. There is an undertone of confidence in wheat solely because it is cheap, and in corn because of a large deficiency in that and accessory food staples, and in cotton because the weather has reduced a crop which promised to be the maximum below a scant average. The difference, however, between the promised yield and an average yield is more than balanced by the excess in the vissible supply, while the India supply has been increasing steadily since 1884 with surprising rapidity.

THE price of gas in Baltimore went up to-day from 50 cents to $1.50 per thousand feet. This result is brought about by a consolidation of the three competing companies into a single gas trust. The extra tax of $1 a thousand is for the enrichment of a few monopolists. This is an example of the foolishness of the cry of the free traders that these "trusts" are the result of the tariff. The gas trusts, the Standard Oil trust, the cotton seed trust, the anthracite coal trust, the straw-board trust, the electric light trust, and many others, are pools on articles that are not on the tariff list at all; and they are the trusts which are the meanest, most grasping, and most intolerable to the people.

JEFF DAVIS, at the Macon demonstration, took occasion to reprove a party of callers for talking of "the new South." He said "the old South" had been good enough for their fathers, and he hoped it would be good enough for then. DAVIS did not use many words, but he was emphatic in those he did employ. He and his crowd were licked out of their boots, but they refuse to accept the results of the war, and insist on galvanizing ahe old state rights issue into life again, to imperil the life of the nation.

LOUISIANA Democrats are greatly concerned this year over the prospect of a spilt in their party, and two state conventions will be held. These grow out of the bitter rivalry between Governor MCENERY and Gen. NICHOLS. The former seeks a renomination, and the latter is determined he shall not have it. In case this dissension is kept up, the Republicans will hold the balance of power, and they are preparing to put a full state ticket in the field and to take advantage of the opportunity.

THE prospects of the New York state campaign are that Col. FRED GRANT will be elected secretary of state by a good round majority.

GEN. EWING ON THE REAL ISSUE IN OHIO.

General TOM EWING'S campaign trip to Ohio is one of personal friendship. In the Democratic campaign of 1879, when General EWING ran for governor, POWELL was one of his most earnest supporters, and his present trip is to repay that score, for the General has dropped out of politics and settled down to a fine legal practice in New York city. On Monday evening he made his opening speech at Kent. He started out by frankly declaring that he is not "up" in local issues in Ohio, and therefore devoted his time to national issues. He thinks the labor parties will not be ready to enter the national campaign in 1888, but that they may possibly hold the balance of power in one or more states next year between the Republicans and the Democrats.

Regarding the present Ohio campaign, he thinks it "only important in its relations to national politics—as showing the drift of opinion." In this statement, General EWING was frank enough to unveil the real purport of the extraordinary efforts that are making to defeat FORAKER and the Republican party in Ohio.

FORAKER has the solid support of his party in Ohio. They are united on those matters for which CLEVELAND, the bull-necked autocrat of the Democracy, hates FORAKER and desires his defeat.

FORAKER interfered swiftly with the plan of returning the rebel flags, and caused CLEVELAND to recall his order in hot-footed haste. This, of itself, was enough to produce an undying hatred in the breast of any one of the narrow-minded type to which CLEVELAND belongs. He is the sort of man of whom despots are made.

This may seem a strong statement; but it is one justified by a careful examination of Mr. CLEVELAND'S mental make-up. In proof of the assertion we call attention to the following facts, which can not be denied:

First, he is thoroughly self-opinionated. There is not a man in or out of his party, in whose opinion he has as much confidence as in his own.

Second—He is intensely stubborn. Firmness is an admirable trait, but Mr. CLEVELAND mistakes dogged tenacity or stubbornness for firmness. JACKSON was firm, but he could listen to advice. LINCOLN was firm in his convictions of right; and popular clamor had no more effect on him than have the angry waves upon the rock of Gibraltar. But he was long in making up his mind. He took the opinions of all his friends and counselors, listened to all arguments pro and con, and then made up his mind. That once made up he was immovable. CLEVELAND pursues the opposite course. He makes up his mind without consultation, and is impatient of opposition, reason or remonstrance.

Third—He is a vain man; he believes profoundly in what he calls his "luck;" he imagines that, like NAPOLEON, he is the "child of destiny."

That these are facts, cannot be gainsaid. Mr. CLEVELAND, then, possesses self-confidence, self-esteem, and a distrust of all others; and these three things are the distinguishing characteristics of a tyrant, the world over.

Now FORAKER wounded him in a vital point—his self-esteem—in his honest, indignant protest over the return of the rebel flags. CLEVELAND is a candidate for renomination next year, and is reasonably sure of getting it. He is not so sure, however, of election. He recognizes that he went in by a scratch in 1884, and he wants to make it a sure thing for next year.

Ohio is the third state in the Union. To carry it for the Democracy, on a platform servilely indorsing himself and every act of his administration, would be a grand triumph. It would be an endorsement that would count. To this is added his bitter hatred of FORAKER; and it would be balm in Gilead to his wounded self-love, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to his petty, revengeful soul, could FORAKER be defeated. It would be a personal endorsement and approval of himself of the greatest importance in securing his renomination, and probably his re-election, for if Ohio could be carried this year in a personal issue between himself and FORAKER (and that is how the campaign presents itself to CLEVELAND) it could be carried for him in 1888.

Does this seem strained? Look at the facts: The Democrats in the departments at Washington were called upon for "boodle" to help defeat FORAKER and carry Ohio, in spite of CLEVELAND'S pledges and civil service reform pretensions.

Campaign orators are imported from abroad. Governor GORDON, of Georgia, is stumping the state, and the burden of his speeches are against FORAKER.

Money has been collected in the South to aid in FORAKER'S defeat in Ohio, if it can be done by fraud and the use of boodle. The "state rights" doctrine don't cover, in Southern opinion, an interference in the domestic concerns of one state by the political leaders of other states, if a victory for their idol, CLEVELAND, can thus be won.

The Democrats of the South look upon the Ohio campaign as does CLEVELAND—as a personal issue between the President and Governor FORAKER. That explains the gigantic efforts that are making outside Ohio to aid the Democratic cause here.

The Democratic campaign in the state has been run as an attack on FORAKER. He has been malignantly lied about by their orators, from POWELL down, and the Democratic press of the state has stopped at nothing to circulate these brazen falsehoods among the people. Their campaign has been practically directed at FORAKER; all else has been subordinated to the one great end of defeating him because CLEVELAND hates him.

Well, the Republicans of Ohio are ready to make that the issue. We are glad that General EWING frankly acknowledges that the Ohio campaign is being fought as the opening skirmish of the Presidential battle next year; in other words that the endorsement of CLEVELAND, and the consequent condemnation of FORAKER and all patriotic men who uphold him, is the aim.

The rebel renaissance can not win in Ohio. Her voters are not yet willing to have JEFF DAVIS deified, and claimed to have been "the rightful President" during the years of battle for the perpetuity of the Union.

SENATOR FRANK HISCOCK, of New York, is a believer in civil service reform. Here are his views, as given by himself in a recent speech; and they come very near to those of every American citizen who is not a "spoils" politician:

> The Democrats said, "Turn the rascals out." They have been turning out rascals, but they were of their own party. The civil service is demoralized. They have proved untrue to their pledges to sustain the civil service reform law. I believe in civil service reform, but where the character of an officer's administration will be affected by an appointment, then he should have the right of appointment. When it comes to offices of less importance, the public officer should not have that power. Public servants should not be buffeted between the two great political parties.

PRELIMINARY arrangements are reported to have been made in St. Louis for the holding in that city, about December 16, of a conference of all political labor elements, with a view to their consolidation into a single political body, for which the name of National Free Soil party has been suggested. It is expected that HENRY GEORGE will be a prominent figure at the conference, and that his land theories will be adopted.

WE heartily agree with the Chicago *Journal* in the belief that "a few more administration victories like that in Baltimore will insure a Republican administration in 1889."

"STRAW" VOTES.

Comrade W. B. ROGERS, of Trenton, Mo., tends us the results of two ballots taken on grains going to and returning from the national G. A. R. encampment at St. Louis. Going, the vote stood:

Robert T. Lincoln	196
James G. Blaine	72
John Sherman	52
Grover Cleveland	32
Total	352
Lincoln's majority over all	40

Returning the vote stood:

Lincoln	128
Blaine	42
Sherman	23
Cleveland	10
Allison	6
Foraker	5
Scattering	7
Total	216
Lincoln's majority over all	30

Comrade JAMES MCNAMEE, of Mt. Vernon, Mo., polled the train on which he returned from the encampment, which was on the "'Frisco line," between Franklin and St. James. The vote stood:

Lincoln	141
Sherman	31
Blaine	44
Cleveland	17
Scattering	18
Total	269
Lincoln over all	13

The Russell, Kansas, *Journal* gives the following report of a vote on Presidential preferences, taken on a Wabash train, en route to the St. Louis encampment:

Lincoln	121
Blaine	43
John Sherman	23
Cleveland	10
Sheridan	1
eaver	3
Allison	6
W. T. Sherman	1
Black	1
Gov. Hill	1

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

IT begins to look as if the theory will prevail that the constitution of the United States is for the especial protection of lawbreakers. The Chicago anarchists, having exhausted all other means of saving their necks from the noose, have appealed to the Supreme court to have the Illinois law under which they were convicted declared unconstitutional. The same thing is true of the Rum Power. Prohibition having been fought and resisted in every conceivable way in the states of Kansas and Iowa, but having been declared by the citizens of these states at legal elections the settled policy, manufacturers, dealers and drinkers break the law, and then attempt to defend themselves on the ground that the state laws are violations of the constitution of the United States. There are several cases on the calendar of the Supreme court involving the question of the right of a state to prohibit the sale of liquors. That much-lauded instrument, the constitution, will be deemed a failure if it proves, through the interpretations of the Supreme court, to be an effective instrument for the protection of the evil classes of the community against the efforts of the majority of the citizens of a state to compel their compliance with laws that inure to the benefit and protection of the people at large.

SPECIALS from Washington say that, in spite of the President's order and Commissioner OBERLY'S warning, the members of the Ohio Democratic association here avow their determination to do what they can to aid the party canvass at home, and to that end are already making arrangements to send to Ohio every Democrat known to have a vote, or who can be induced to cast one in the state, no matter whether legally entitled to the privilege or not. The President will be too busy with his message to notice this flagrant violation of his order governing the political activity of his subordinates in the government service, and it will only be when some of the mugwump associations of the East call attention to the matter that he will become aware of what is going on. We mention the matter to call attention to the inconsistency of the Democratic press. For years they formed and fretted and yelled denunciations because Republican clerks came home to vote; if it was wrong then, is it not wrong now?

NEXT month the people of Atlanta are to vote again on the saloon question. The "drys" have already organized for the campaign and imported SAM JONES to open it. The "wet" petition to the ordinary of the county to order an election is said to have about 2,500 signatures. Governor GORDON says that Prohibition has not driven trade away from Atlanta; that it has not damaged Atlanta; that it has noticeably benefitted the negroes, and that of the 100 Georgia counties (out of a total of 137) which have voted Prohibition under the local option law, not one has yet gone back to the license system.

WHO is this man Jefferson Davis that travels from Mississippi to Georgia and addresses "My people" on the way? There was a Jeff. Davis, a quarter of a century ago, who owned "people," but that was before the fifteenth amendment.

No, the above extract is not from one of FORAKER'S speeches, neither is it from a Republican newspaper. It is an editorial paragraph from the Chicago *Herald*, a red-hot Democratic sheet. We reproduce it to show that even a Democratic editor may have a gleam of common sense once in a while.

A REFERENCE to the statistical reports issued by the Treasury department shows that in 1880 Ohio raised about one-seventh of the sheep, and consequently the same proportion of the wool product of the United States. Since that time, wool-raising has languished in this state. There are fewer sheep to-day than there were then, because wool-raising is becoming more and more unprofitable, owing to the reduction of the wool tariff.

THE Iowa federal officeholders are receiving a request from the state committee which reads thus:

> As you are receiving some of the fruits of our victory in 1884, I take the liberty to call on you for a voluntary contribution.

There is civil service reform of the approved Bourbon brand.

THE desperation of the Democrats in Ohio is seen by the importation of Southern ex-rebels as campaign orators. This is fitting. A party which has attempted to introduce Southern methods of overriding the will of the people at elections, brings defenders of the plan to Ohio to help them.

IN no country in the world is the evil of excessive drinking and drunkenness so common and so ruinous as in Austria. The government of that empire has just introduced a restrictive measure in the Reichsrath.

THE Boston *Traveller* has the following among its editorial paragraphs:

> A Boston Republican, now in Dakota, writes: "The air is full of Robert Lincoln for our next candidate. What say you?"

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

XXV.—Two Letters.

We have received a letter, signed "a farmer," no postoffice being given, but evidently coming from some point in Ohio. He asks no question, but is doubtless an out-and-out free trader, believing in no tariff at all, for he says:

> If we had no tariff, rich men would have to pay more tax; manufacturers would not get as much for their goods, neither would their employes receive as big wages. If the average farmer is anybody, no laboring man in the state of Ohio earns $1 per day; simply because the average farmer can't get 25 cents a day for his labor, if you allow him 6 per cent. interest on money invested.

The expenses of the federal government are paid by the tariff and internal revenue taxation. To abolish the tariff would require about $200,000,000 to be raised by direct taxation; and this, under the constitution, must be paid by the states in proportion to population. As there are about sixty millions of people in the United States, the tax would be about $3.33 for every man, woman and child in the entire country. Ohio would have to pay about $10,000,000 of it. We do not see that "rich men" would pay any greater *proportion* of the taxes than they do now. Every man owning any taxable property would have his taxes nearly trebled. But it is useless to discuss the matter of entire free trade. No Congress would ever dare to resort to direct taxation to keep up the expenses of the government in time of peace.

The statement that "the average farmer don't get 25 cents a day for his labor" is certainly incorrect. Our correspondent does not, evidently take into consideration that the farmer gets the major part of his food directly off his farm. Employes of manufacturing establishments frequently have to purchase every morsel of food, even to garden vegetables. Unless the above writer has dropped a good many such items out of his calculation he is entirely in the wrong in saying the average farmer don't make 25 cents a day. Farming is a business, just as much as manufacturing is. A man must have ability, or he will make no money.

Here is another letter, from another farmer, who evinces a clear comprehension of the relations of protection to the agricultural community:

> WALTZ, Mich., Oct. 24.—Please accept my "amen" to what you've said on "The Tariff and the Farmer." I wish to give you a practical illustration of the truth of your doctrine. I live at about equal distances from the small cities of Monroe, Ypsilanti and Wyandotte. The first two are of no use as a farmer's market, but the last, Wyandotte, is a very good market, better indeed, than Detroit. The "reason why" is simply this: Wyandotte is a manufacturing town, with its population composed of men, who work in factories, while the other two cities and towns are not. I thought you might be interested in the above as it is not far from Toledo. Although I am a farmer, I trust I am not a mossback, as I know the statement "Free Trade will benefit the farmer" is a lie.—FRANK E. ROMINE.

XXVI—A Fool's Argument.

The stock argument of the revenue reduction orators and papers is, "if the tariff wall is down we can find a larger market for our products in foreign countries." We wish to call attention to two points.

First, no Democratic platform urges a "taking down of the tariff wall." All that they wish, if they are to be believed, is a reduction—taking off a couple of feet at the top of the wall, so to speak. Now, won't the rest of the wall still be an obstacle? So So long as there is any wall at all, is it not in the way, according to your own argument, gentlemen? And what do you propose? To eventually abolish the tariff, have absolute free tree, and tax the people over $200,000,000 a year for federal expenses? We think that the argument that the tariff prevenis an extension of trade, proves too much. If it is an argument at all, it is only an argument for absolute free trade. To reduce the tariff one-quarter or one-third, which is about the figure you set, won't remove the obstruction.

Second, the argument is fallacious. The error in it is the speaking of a foreign nation as if it were one man, not an aggregation of millions of men. It is not the *nation* that imports and exports; it is the people, acting singly, and each buying where he can buy cheapest, and selling where he can sell for the highest price. The French millers who bought the 746,833 bushels of wheat exported from this country to France in August of this year, are not the same men as those who sold the $1,611,952 worth of silk dress goods which were imported during the same month of August. If they could have bought wheat, of as good a quality, a cent cheaper a bushel of men in Buenos Ayres, or Australia, they would have done so. Is it not clear to every man that merchants buy where they can buy cheapest, and sell where they can do the best, irrespective of any feeling of resentment concerning tariffs.

Well, to make the point clearer; you all know that Great Britain has a tariff on imported liquors, tobaccoes, and a few other things. That country raises about $100,000,000 per year by her tariff, of which tobacco, in its various forms, yields $45,000,000. Here is the English tariff on tobacco (JOHN MCLEAN'S Complete Tariff Handbook):

Tobacco unmanufactured per lb in due currency	$ .79
Tobacco containing less than 10 per cent of moisture per lb	.84
Tobacco, unmanufactured, per lb	1.08
Tobacco, other manufactured, per lb	.96
Snuff, containing more than 13 per cent of moisture per lb	.92
Snuff, containing less than 13 per cent of moisture, per lb	1.14
Tobacco, cigars per lb	1.20

The rates have been reduced to United States money for their easier comprehension. Let us note, in passing, that even this English tariff is not merely "for revenue," but affords protection to English tobacco manufacturers, as the rate of duty is increased on the manufactured goods.

Now, to resume our argument: During the month of August of this year the United States sent to Great Britain $1,452,448 worth of leaf tobacco. This tobacco was grown by American farmers. Did any of the farmer readers of the BLADE who raised tobacco refuse to buy an article of English make, because Great Britain levied a duty on that tobacco of 70 cents a pound? Did you refuse to buy British cotton stockings for your wives and children, because of that tobacco duty? Did you ever *think* about the duty? Is it not plain that the free traders' argument is the merest moonshine?

You can set it down as a fact, that the reduction or even the entire abolition of the American tariff would not increase the sale of American goods or American products one whit. Why should it? How could it? Would the abolition of the tariff cause the people of Europe to buy one bushel more grain of us? Would they eat more bread then they do now? Would it relieve our farmers of the competition of Indian wheat? Would it stop the ryots of India from sowing wheat and raising crops?

XXVII.—A Comparison.

"Gath," the famous correspondent, on his way to California, where he now is, met two Australian gentlemen and interviewed them respecting that country. One of them, a Mr. WALKER, of Melbourne, said that in the province of Victoria in which he lives, the policy of a protective tariff had been adopted, while free trade prevailed in the adjoining colony of New South Wales, of which Sydney is the capital. When asked how Victoria came to adopt protection he said: "It was by the clamor of the labor element, who wanted better wages; and, undoubtedly, they get higher wages under the tariff. *We do much of the manufacturing for the other Australian provinces.* Under the tariff system we have developed all kinds of workshops, and can construct important public works. We even build ships of iron."

XXVIII.—A Look at England, the Free Trade Paradise.

England is constantly held up as the model by the free trade enthusiasts. We wish to call attention to the cold facts in the case. Let us say, first, that the efforts of the free trade contingent are directed to bringing into effect a policy in this country that will bring us to the same condition. Now, the England of to-day is not the England of a half century ago, when free trade was established. Let us look at her condition now.

The attentive reader of the telegraphic news will recall that a few days ago there were threatening demonstrations in the city of London among the tens of thousands of unemployed workmen, who are, through poverty, reduced to the condition of tramps. These gatherings are getting to be of common occurrence, and each year the number of these mobs grows greater. English statesmanship can find no solution for the problem set before them—how to find the people work.

The total population of the island of Great Britain is about 30,000,000, living on an area of 86,000 square miles—a little over twice that of Ohio. Twenty millions live in cities of 5,000 inhabitants or over; the other ten millions on farms and in villages. These 20,000,000 in the cities must live through manufactures and commerce. In this country, the bulk of our population is in the country, the reverse of the English condition. These twenty millions must find subsistence in the manufacturing and selling of goods—the exports sold for imports; and England is ransacking the world for markets in which to dispose of her manufactures.

When free trade was established, it was the best thing to do apparently. England was the great manufacturing nation of the world. No other country had industries that could compete with her. Her free trade allowed raw materials to come in from everywhere free of duty to be made up and sold at a profit back again. We sent our cotton there, and bought it of her again, when it was made up into muslins and calicoes. But other nations saw that this was a drain upon them. They had to buy more than they sold. So they put tariffs on imports, and developed manufactures, as we did. And what is the result to England to-day? She is searching for markets, while every nation that can do so is cutting off its purchases of English goods as largely as possible. They are all eager to sell to her their surplus productions, but do not care to buy any more than they can help. They offer her everything that they produce and it is admitted duty free, and then impose a tariff upon everything she offers in exchange. All the European nations are keeping out English goods in this manner. Consequently the English trade is not equal to the support of her twenty millions herded in cities, and hence the extent of pauperism and the great number of those on its verge. Meanwhile the number of mouths to feed and hands to employ increases rapidly.

XXIX.—The cry for "Fair Trade."

The natural result of the above stated condition of things in England is, that there is a growing party there which is endeavoring to stop the profitless policy of free trade, and demanding a protective tariff on manufactured articles. A recent cable dispatch to the New York *Tribune* declares that the sp

FOUR

Powerful original engravings in black, on fine paper, will be mailed free to all good farmers, fruit-growers, stockmen; to all, indeed, who are interested in rural affairs, on application to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, 34 Park Row, N. Y. It is recognized as the leading national illustrated weekly for American homes and farms.

N. B.—The Toledo Blade and the R. N.-Y. both one year for $2.50.

GOV. GORDON A PROHIBITIONIST.

The Ohio Democratic managers are to bring Governor GORDON, of Georgia, to this state as a campaign orator, in their desperate effort to carry the state.

Governor GORDON is a Prohibitionist. He favors Prohibition by local option, and he recently signed a bill imposing $10,000 annual tax on wine-rooms in the city of Atlanta.

The Democracy of Ohio are not only bitterly opposed to Prohibition, but they denounce the Dow law, which imposes an annual tax of $200 on the saloons of the state, and they are strongly against local option—the Georgia plan.

The situation is absurd on its face. We hope that he will tell the Democrats of Ohio his views upon Prohibition. It will do an immense amount of good.

In an interview a few days ago (on the 24th) Governor GORDON thus expressed himself on Prohibition in Georgia:

Prohibition has been tried through local option in 100 out of 137 counties of the state and I do not know that one county has gone back on its action. I do not hesitate to pronounce the result good so far as they are concerned.

For Atlanta it certainly has not damaged us, and in some very important regards it has been of most material service to the freedmen, who were in the habit of spending at the low grog shops on the outskirts of the city a greater part and often all of their earnings; to the laboring white classes in the same degree, as they now spend their money in comforts for their families, and to young men who were in the habit of social drinking about billiard and barrooms.

I do not by any means wish to convey the idea that the people of Atlanta were more addicted to drinking than any other, but it serves as an illustration, as it is the only city of its size in which the question has been fully tested. All reports as to damage to business are false, and I am sure that the benefits to the three classes named far outbalance any evils outside. In the rural districts its good influence is attested by the great decrease in the criminal side of our court dockets.

Now let us have Governor GORDON interviewed on Prohibition. There is great interest taken in this question in Ohio. Let those desiring light on the subject attend Governor GORDON'S meetings and interrogate him as to its practical workings in his own state. He can do a great deal to boom Prohibition in Ohio, if he will.

A MEGWUMP WARNING.

In discussing the President's Western and Southern tour, *Harpers Weekly* cautions CLEVELAND thus:

The tour of the President has been attended with very great popular enthusiasm and the most lavish civic hospitality. He is, however, undoubtedly much too wise a man to be deceived by such demonstrations, or to interpret them merely as proofs of personal popularity.

But we fear MR. CLEVELAND is not "too wise a man," and that he does consider the ovations with which he was received as testimonials to his personal popularity. He is just the kind of a man to do so. Narrow-gauged mentally, with a stolid obstinacy as his most prominent characteristic, he is exactly the kind of a man to fail to distinguish between the curiosity of the masses to look upon the President and the devotion of the people to a man whom they honor. If MR. CLEVELAND will attentively peruse the accounts of the ovation at Macon to JEFF DAVIS, especially the scene where the old veterans of the Confederacy insisted on touching his hand, and compare it with his own reception in Atlanta, he may possibly be able to clearly distinguish these things.

THE Democratic sheets are evidently acting on the belief that "a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth." Hence they are still industriously saying that FORAKER "wants the farmers burdened with additional taxes." They know the statement is a bald lie. The fact is that many wealthy corporations and persons evade taxes—TOM POWELL, for example—and FORAKER recommended that they be reached by legislation. He also showed that the revaluation of farm lands in 1880 was unjust, because it was in many cases too high, while there is a great inequality in the mode of valuation in different counties; and he proposed that the legislature remedy this No honest man can object to his recommendations.

IT is said at Washington that Secretary FAIRCHILD, in his forthcoming report, will devote much less space to the theories of finance than MR. MANNING did, and that he will confine himself almost entirely to existing financial conditions, accepting the situation as not likely to be changed by legislation, so far as silver and the body of currency are concerned. As to the surplus, however, there is reason to believe that a definite plan will be formulated, to be submitted to Congress, which will have the approval of the administration. The recommendations of the department will undoubtedly include changes both as to internal revenue and the customs law.

THE Virginians are waking up to the advantages of protection, and are not disposed to favor the scheme, said to have CLEVELAND'S endorsement, to put all raw materials on the free list, thus giving to foreign wool growers, mine-owners, lumber men, etc., an advantage over our producers at home. The Richmond *Dispatch*, which is a stiff Democratic paper, thus discourses editorially upon this point:

We do not believe in horizontal tariffs, nor Procrustean tariffs of any other sort. Nor do we believe in putting on the free list for the benefit of Northern manufacturers articles which, but for the free list, they would have to purchase in Virginia.

IN his annual report, Governor WEST, of Utah, takes strong ground against its admission as a state, on account of Mormonism. He estimates the population of the territory at 200,000, and the assessed taxable valuation of poperty at $35,865,865. He says that the movement for statehood was inaugurated by the leaders of the Mormon people; their representatives alone took part in the deliberations of the convention, and only that portion of the people favors and supports it

BISHOP MCQUAID, of Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday paid his compliments to MCGLYNN, HENRY GEORGE'S right-hand man. Alluding to MCGLYNN'S pastorate of St. Stephen's church, New York. Bishop MCQUAID remarked:

He found himself as a young man a priest over the largest Catholic congregation in the country. After nineteen years the church found itself $145,000 in debt, without schools and considerably disorganized. The priest had the most expensive parochial table of any priest in New York.

THE New York *Sun* has come to the decision that CLEVELAND is an incompetent nonentity. It says, savagely:

The United States is an old enough country to be run by statesmanship, and not by blind luck; and it is creditable neither to the intelligence nor to the patriotism of Americans that shiftless politicians should be supposed to be stronger at the polls than experienced statesmen.

Do you notice the neat way in which ROBERT T. LINCOLN'S nomination is implied in this paragraph from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*?

The Republican party in its history has held but one national convention on soil where slavery once prevailed. That was in Baltimore, in 1864, when Mr. Lincoln was renominated. It would be eminently proper, after a lapse of twenty-four years, to give another of the "old slave states" a chance.

IF there is any need of showing that the Ohio Democrats are in the last ditch, proof can be found in the flood of malignant, vile, stupid falsehoods concerning Gov. FORAKER that is being poured out by the papers of that political faith. They must take the voters of Ohio for fools.

THE first counterfeit postal cards ever known have appeared at Pittsburg. Look out for them, and purchase only at the postoffice.

THE FRENCH ARMY SCANDALS.

The Meteoric Career of Gen. Caffarel—How He Carried on a Brokerage Business in Tittle—His Scheming Partner.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The recent great scandal, of which the Parisian papers have printed so much, reads like a chapter taken from an ultra-sensational novel. A general, having reached the highest honor, begins to go down step by step; he is guided by disreputable women, and finally is lead to the commission of compromising crimes. It is of interest to gather what has been said of the principals in this matter, by the French papers, and then place them in their relative positions.

General Caffarel is 58 years of age, and a son of General Caffarel, whose name has a place on the Arc de Triomphe of the first empire. His brother is a colonel, and a military attache at Constantinople. His physique is described as being stout, though short of statue. His hair is very thin, white, and worn short and a small moustache covers his lip. He wears an uncertain look and his face is very pale. General Caffarel was one of the best scholars of St. Cyr; in 1850 he became lieutenant and in 1867 has advanced to the position of major and ordnance officer of Napoleon III. Becoming a brigadier genneral in 1884, he was appointed chief-of-staff at Orleans. Here he attracted

THE ATTENTION OF GEN. BOULANGER,

and he was by him made commander of the Legion of Honor in December, 1886. Three months afterward he was made first aid on the general staff of the army. Caffarel had married the widow of a rich paper manufacturer, and she brought him a fortune of 800,000 francs. This immense sum was rapidly spent. The salary as general was 15,000 francs. He fell deeply in debt, gambling constantly in the clubs and at the stock exchange. But the largest sums which passed through his hands fell into the hands of the women with whom he entertained his questionable relations. He went to such an extent that he intrusted one of his youthful beauties with blank checks duly signed by himself, and another of these frail ones he kept with 15,000 francs. These blank checks fell into the claws of Mme. Limouzin, who treasured them with much care.

Mme. Limouzin, according to the *Temps*, is an old and very homely woman. She is the possessor of a rare collection of letters, which includes several from Boulanger and Thibaudin, the present local commander of Paris. Letters written by deputies Wilson, Delattre, Baron Inackan, and others are also among the choice collection. Every Minister of War since 1871 has had financial transactions with her. She had been married to a lawyer who had spent much of his time in Algiers in official capacities. This enterprising lady not alone busied herself with the sale of orders, but also with the procuring of titles. She always made it a point to appear very patriotic when in the presence of the presence of the French generals, and as she has a fine command of the German language she offered her services as a spy to the government when the Franco-Erussian war broke out. Mme. Limouzin

RECEIVED IN ELABORATE HOSPITALITY

usually such society which has no general name or occupation, and which usually compromised more or less those who were brought into contact with it.

Caffarel's method of living always kept him poor. Many of the brokers who profit by by military destitution had accented his checks, and when they matured always went to protest. Driven by his financial condition, the general compromised his name by a number of unsavory transactions. In the hope of saving his position he applied to Mme. Limouzin to obtain a bank-wide of his acceptances and it was not long ere he stood in a particularly unpleasant relation with her. She narrates that Caffaral paid her daily visits, but this may be somewhat exaggerated. The fact remains, however, that she had an uninterrupted entrance at the War Department and this gave her great prestige with those who had well-filled purses and who desired titles.

General Boulanger, who threw such extraordinary precautions around this department as one will hardly find in a prison, and which made ingress much more difficult here than to a beleaguered fort, this same Boulanger made the recipient of all the state secrets, Caffarel, who certainly was not the proper man to guard such secrets. And this is what is being asked with much trepidation whether Caffarel was alone in the title brokerage. It is likewise stated that the Limouzin is threatening to drag down to ruin five other generals if the smallest straw is laid in her way. The feeling is prevalent that if the matter is thoroughly investigated it will assume sweeping proportions and

EXPOSE NUMEROUSPROMINENT PERSONS.

If this exposure has a very depressing effect upon the French nation, it is for the two reasons that it lays open the army to adverse criticism and it places the Legion of Honor in a very questionable position. Under the French republic this order is something quite different from those in other countries. Its existence is not alone a recognition of honorable services, but a particular and distinctive individuality has become its own. There are very few Frenchmen who have not the highest regard for the order, and, despite recent developments, still retain this feeling. That the order has been used frequently for the consummation of unjust schemes is not denied, but that a general of the army should use this order for his own selfish and dishonest purposes is what the average Frenchman cannot quite comprehend.

However, it has been an open secret for some time, and it was told in many of the stores that for amounts running from 10,000 to 40,000 francs paid to Gen. Caffarel for drinking money (pots de vin) ostensibly, a membership to the Legion of Honor could be obtained.

Kreitmayer, the German who is mixed up in the affair, according to the French press, is a wind-bag. Foppishly aristocratic in his manners, he reminds one of the typical marplot. He appears to be in the service of the French police. He has also served a term in the Bavarian penitentiary.

THAT CHINESE-AMERICAN BANK.

How the Matter Was Arranged—Details of the Much-Discussed Plan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—The steamship Gaelic, which arrived yesterday from Hong Kong and Yokohama, brought Chinese papers containing copies of an agreement establishing the China-American bank, concerning which there has been so much controversy. The agreement consists of ten articles. The first article provides that the bank shall be known as the "China-American bank," and that its capital shall be supervised and safe-guarded by the respective governments of China and the United States.

The second article provides that the capital shall consist of $10,000,000 of American dollars.

The third article declars that Mr. Vanderbilt will act as president in the United States but the vice president will be sent to China to attend to the business there.

The remaining articles then provide for the coinage of silver or gold money by the bank and for the issue of paper money to the amount of one-half of the capital of the bank. The concessions heretofore mentioned to the effect that the bank is to be the medium of all loans for the construction of the railway and telegraph lines in the empire are then cited.

The agreement as published shows that the name of Mr Vanderbilt was employed in the negotiations, but that the Chinese and the United States government were mentioned as being cognizant of the proposed agreement.

The Shanghai *Courier*, speaking of the concessions, mentions the Philadelphia syndicate as having obtained all the rights under the agreement and that the bank would be established.

Mr. Bright on the Liquor Traffic.

MR. Bright has written the following letter to a gentleman in Toronto: "DEAR SIR:—I suppose all men will admit that it would be a great blessing if the manufacture, sale and use of drinks which intoxicate were abolished, but it is difficult to imagine a state of public opinion in which this could be done. The whole question and its solution must depend on public opinion, which may agree to restrictions which are important, but will for a long time, and perhaps always, refuse the absolute prohibition which I suppose you are contending for. It seems to be with us, and probably with you, that a severe system of taxation is almost the only remedy which can be adopted with much hope of success. By this course we may reduce the number of houses where the drink is sold, and thus lessen the temptation, which so many persons seem unable to resist, and at the same time it would add to the cost of the drink, and thus, to some extent, diminish the consumption of what is so great a source of mischief. I fancy you are in advance of us on this question. With us, only moderate measures have any chance of success, and we must be content to travel more slowly than is the case in some parts of your continent. With you in Canada and with the temperance party in the United States, I hope and wish that the temperance cause may prosper.

Very truly yours, JOHN BRIGHT.

Asthma Can be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to anyone. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO BILL ABROAD!

A Little Love Affair—What the Cowboys Think of It.

The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill—W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying to his thousands of admirers on this side.

There was more truth than many imagined in his reply to the inquiry:

"What are you doing in England?"

"Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses."

The English nobility quickly "cottoned to" Buffalo Bill because they recognized that he belonged to a higher order than their own—Nature's nobility. Despite his wild life he early managed to acquire an education and the polish which makes him easy even in royal society.

His polish is the bitter fruit, it is said, of a young love experience. When a young man on the plains, wild, wooly and unkempt in appearance and character, he fell in love with a dashing little school teacher. Full of pluck and faith in himself, he proposed to her. She laughed at him and he—collapsed.

After a time he braced up, bought some books, and began to study.

His defeat proved his victory. The girl was his mascot, and his successes are due to her.

Magnificent specimens of manhood though they be, "Bill's boys" are not perfection. Under date: "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co., London, Sept. 19, 1887," D. W. Shoemaker, of the Cowboy Band, writes:

"Some weeks ago I was suffering from great disorder of the liver and kidneys and general prostration. I was forced to quit work and take my bed. I called in a physician, who only afforded temporary relief. A friend induced me to take Warner's safe cure, which afforded almost instant relief, and after taking three bottles, I find myself in as good health as at any time in my life."

Two other members of the Wild West show, Mawe Beardsley, pony express rider, and Jim Mitchell, a cowboy, add to this statement of Shoemaker's, that in their long experience on the plains, from change of water, climate, and mode of life, and several ailing, they became subject to liver and kidney disorders, they have found a sure remedy for these troubles in Warner's safe cure. Mawe Beardsley says: "I constantly recommend it to my friends."

Buffalo Bill has pluck and courage and hard sense, and not only controls all the wild elements that make up the Wild West show, but controls himself.

His experience as a scout makes him wary, discreet and shrewd. He quickly learns the best way to secure results, and, like a true man, has no prejudices against anything that proves its merits.

Buffalo Bill is so popular in England he may come home a "Sir William." But if not he will probably enjoy himself quite as well, having secured a fortune ample enough for all his wants, title or no title.

HOW TALMAGE TALKS.

Typical Sunday Audience at Brooklyn Tabernacle.

If a stranger wishes to hear Talmage he has but to follow the crowd of a Sunday morning, to bring up at the Brooklyn tabernacle. Long before the hour of service the huge edifice is filled to overflowing and hundreds are obliged to go away. The upper gallery is reserved for strangers. No one is allowed, however, to seat himself. Each section is presided over by an usher, and one must take the seat he offers, good or bad, or go without. My seat was on the last row of the back seat, "the only seat I have," said the usher as I "bladed it" being so far from the pulpit. I, however, took the seat.

The next comer was a very distinguished looking lady of large proportion and handsomely dressed. She was leaning on the arm of a young colored girl, about half her own size. The usher waved his hand in my direction. She audibly objected. "I've no other seat, madam." She again remonstrated when this little usher said: "It don't make any matter, madam, who you are; I've no other seat." The distinguished southerner, for so she appeared, took the seat and the usher went on finding seats in close proximity to ours for at least fifty eaters.

It is really marvelous the crowds that throng to this church, not only Sunday morning and evening but also to hear this great man lecture Friday evenings. The great auditorium which seats 6,000 people has been supplemented with two additional rooms built at great expense the past summer. The singing is congregational with an accompaniment of organ and cornet. At the close of the voluntary Mr. Talmage passes quietly in from the vestry room upon the platform, on which is one arm chair and a small stand for a bible and hymn book. He takes his seat and the huge congregation rise and sing the long meter doxology.

During this Mr. Talmage remains seated, but is not quiet. He moves restlessly, put his hand to his head, takes up the book, drinks a few swallows of water, and is evidently ill at ease, awkward and nervous There is nothing clerical in his dress, unless it be the color, which is black. He wears a turn down collar, a plain black tie and a vest cut to show a V of white linen.

After the doxology he makes a short prayer and reads with explanations a chapter from the new testament, during the reading of which 6,000 to 8,000 persons listen intently. Singing follows and then the sermon is preached, and a half dozen reporters seated each side of the long pulpit platform take notes which are flashed all over the country for the Monday papers.

It is impossible to describe one of Mr. Talmage's sermons. They are so simple that any child can understand them, and yet they are strong, forcible, and always to the point. He takes the topic of the day and dresses it up in gospel shape, not sensationally, as do many of to-day's clergy, but from a moral standpoint. He usually preaches an hour without notes, but there are no signs of weariness on the great mass of listening faces upturned to his. At the close of the sermon he makes a short, trite prayer, and the large congregation passes out.

HOW WOMEN KISS.

Pen-pictures Showing How Different Women Salute Each Other These Times.

Kissing is out of style. Nobody does it now but sweethearts, young children and teachers. The first blow was struck by the medical profession about the time of the decease of Princess Alice. Ever since, the practice has been denounced, and in families where proper respect is paid to hygiene, children are strongly cautioned against promiscuous kissing.

In society a woman is not kissed twice in a season. When an old friend is greeted and she advances with her lips the victim turns her face and the caress falls askance. Possibly the very woman who is opposed to the practice takes the initiative, but her lips never meet lips. She may be within a fraction of your mouth—kiss your chin, your cheek, or your forehead; kiss your "eyelid into repose," or kiss your hair—but if she has had any training, socially, she will never kiss your mouth.

The repugnance to kissing is due largely to academic training. In nearly all the famous colleges for women there is a special teacher of calisthenics, physiology; and the so-called oral recitations the pernicious effects of osculation are considered at great length. By way of tolerating what seems to be a necessary evil various theories are advanced and various provisions advocated. The girl who comes from Smith College, North Hampton, kisses on the oblique lines that falls from the left corner of your mouth, but when kissed, is so adroit in the way she jerks her head that the point of salutation may be found on a radius from the right of her demure little mouth. The Vassar graduate kisses more than her Smith college friend, but the chin is her choice, as you will observe in an attempt to salute her. The seniors from Wellesley press their kisses high up on the face, almost under the sweep of the eyelash, and the Lake Forest and Harvard annex maidens kiss at a point equally distant from the nose and ear.

Nothing is more dainty than the kiss of a well-bred chaperon, who, mindful of the time and trouble spent over the powder-box, gently presses her lips on your hair just north of your ear. The minister's wife is another sweet soul, who knows where a kiss will do the least harm, and her favorite method is an air-kiss, with the gentle pressure of her cheek to your cheek. The woman of fashion, who patronizes you, and lets you visit her while she is at her siesta, kisses you anywhere about the triangle, between the eye, ear and hair-line. She learned long ago about the incompatibility of haste and grace, and as she advances you see her lips turn in, and simultaneous with the kiss is a thick, viscous noise that sounds like the tearing of a middle-aged marsh-mallow drop.

The Same With an Ante-Mortem Monument.

The man who has his coffin made during his lifetime is simply suffering from a disagreeable variety of disease known as egotism. It is of very little consequence what any man is buried in, and the man who goes to this length about it convicts himself of morbid self-conceit.—*New York Tribune.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

ANOTHER MILLENNIAL PROPHET.

An English Clergyman, Rev. Mr. Baxter, of Leeds, on the Second Coming.

According to the *Leeds Express*, a clergyman named Baxter has been creating a sensation by his sermons on the millennium. He fixes the date when the millennium will begin as Thursday, April 11, 1901. He evolves from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation the possibility of some lively times before the end of the present century. Beginning in 1888 or 1889 will be a great European war of unequalled ferocity and accompanied with tremendous bloodshed and cruelty. This will end in 1891 or 1892 by 23 of the kingdoms which are within the countries that once formed Cæsar's Roman Empire being transformed into ten kingdoms ruled by ten sovereigns, who will form themselves into a confederacy. Mr. Baxter gives the names both of the 23 and of the ten. Irishmen will be glad to know that Ireland, which never formed part of Cæsar's Roman Empire, will have a Parliament of its own. France is to conquer Germany; India and the Colonies will be separated from Britain; Belgium, Switzerland, Alsace and Lorraine, Luxemburg, etc., will be added to France.

But when the Ten Roman nations are formed even then there will not be peace. Their confederation will be specially to resist Germany and Russia, which never were part of the Roman Empire, and are therefore antagonistic to the Ten Kingdoms. About 1892 or 1893 the Great Antichrist will make his appearance, though he will not be known as such at the time, and Mr. Baxter has fixed upon Prince Jerome Bonaparte as the person most likely to be that dreaded individual. One thing is certain, that Antichrist will be a Napoleon. His beginning will be small. He will rule over a little kingdom somewhere near the Levant, Syria probably—Mr. Baxter has not been able to fix the precise locality—which he will extend by crafty policy and flatteries, and then seven years before the end—i. e., seven years before March 11th, 1901—he will make a covenant with the Jews.

Three times he will war upon Egypt, ultimately conquering it, then by some means or others he will become King of France and head of the Ten Nations—including Britain—and will set up his own image as an idol to be worshipped. This image is that called the "abomination of desolation."

Antichrist is to reign for three years and a half; but at the beginning Christ will personally come down to earth and raise to life deceased Christians, and take them, along with the watchful living Christians, to meet Him in the heavens. The three years and a half will be years of great tribulation. The Seven Trumpets will sound, the Seven Vials will be opened, and they will inflict dreadful woes and plagues and judgments on the nations. There will also be war in Heaven, and—says Mr. Baxter—the Archangel Michael will cast down Satan and his angels to earth about December 15th, 1896.

Satan will then stir up an Antichrist to persecute the Christians, and this he will do fiercely for 1260 days. Most of the Christians left after the translation of the Wise Virgins, or Watchful Christians, will be miraculously removed to, and hidden and fed in, the wilderness, the flight of many of them on eagles' wings, says Mr. Baxter, will commence about February, 1897. The Napoleonic Antichrist will then decree the abolition of Christianity, and millions of Christians will be beheaded by the guillotine for refusing to worship the image of himself that he will set up, or for refusing to have stamped upon their forehead the mark of the beast.

Then Christ will come the Second Time, full of fire and wrath, and after taking up to heaven on April 6, 1901, all the persons who had been converted to the faith during the three and a half years' Great Tribulation, will gather his forces and the great and bloody battle of Armageddon will be fought at Esdraelon, and Antichrist will be destroyed on April 11, 1901, the "Millenium," or the personal reign on earth for a thousand years of Christ and his immortal saints, will begin. The spared remnants of mankind will be converted, and will inhabit the earth in successive generations for the thousand years, and they will be ruled by the glorified resurrection of saints coming down from the Heavenly Jerusalem day by day, as foreshown in Jacob's vision.

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

What Prominent European Physicians Who Have Met Him Say.

Chicago News Paris Cable.

If Mr. Blaine is going to be nominated, it should be known by the people that there is every reason to believe he is affected with a fatal malady. I had my eyes opened to his condition by noticing that in London he never used the hotel elevator. A few nights later, at the Independence ball, Dr. Howard, an insurance expert, said, while Mr. Blaine was delivering his address, and without any previous knowledge of him: "That man has a mortal disease." The doctor thought Mr. Blaine's kidneys were fatally affected, freely said why he thought so, and added that Mr. Blaine might live many years with good care, but that he was apt to die any day. Dr. Verndow, a London physician of large practice and excellent reputation, sat near Mr. Blaine for some time at the banquet. He voluntarily gave it as his opinion the next day that Mr. Blaine had a fatal disease of the kidneys, and specified the the external symptoms. Both of these gentlemen were disinterested observers, and strangers to one another. I have also been confidentially told that if Mr. Blaine's former medical adviser at Washington were willing to be quoted, he would say Mr. Blaine had incurable kidney disease.

Advantages of a Trading Nation.

"It is the great advantage of a trading nation," says Addison, "that there are few in it so dull and heavy who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes, so that it is peculiarly the advantage of manufacturers that they present an opportunity for profitable employment to every kind of skill and talent, and suited to every variety of taste."

At the Museum.

Miss Howjames (at museum)—I have often seen engravings of the giraffe, Mr. Grimshaw, but I have never knew before that the animal was so—so—decollete.

Young man from Milwaukee—N-no. Got an all-fired long neck, too, hasn't he?—*Chicago Tribune.*

Worth Your Attention.

Mark this! Don't lose it! It will bring you gold! We will send you free something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong valute and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages, $5 a day, and upwards easily earned by any worker; many are making several hundred dollars per month. You can do it. No special ability required. We bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash right away than anything else in the world. Any one anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. I of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—**Do you see any good coming out of it?**

No. 2.—**Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

No. 3.—**Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

No. 4.—**In which village would you bring up your Children?**

No. 5.—**This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instrucors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Chilblains!

A Positive Cure.

For the Worst Case in from one to four Applications. NO PAIN, NO TROUBLE.

A CERTAIN CURE GUARANTEED.

Send 25 cents for box. Address

DOMESTIC CHILBLAIN CURE CO.,
218 SUMMIT ST., TOLEDO, O.

THE BEST

BOOKS

For the People.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friends every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we live for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the authors terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $1. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely Illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $1.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.85.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

BLADE, Toledo, O

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the coming year will contain matter of interest to everybody. The history of Abraham Lincoln during the War—the personal, inner history—will be recounted by the private secretaries of MR. LINCOLN. The Siberian traveler, George Kennan, who has just returned from an eventful journey of 15,000 miles through Siberia and Russia, undertaken with an artist, at the expense of THE CENTURY, will make his report on Siberia and the Exile System," in a series of papers which will astonish the world. Mr. Kennan made the personal acquaintance of some 300 exiled Nihilists and Liberals. Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," George W. Cable, Frank R. Stockton, and other famous authors, will furnish novels and novelettes; there will be narratives of personal adventure in the War—tunneling from Libby prison, etc., etc., with an article by Gen. Sherman on "The Grand Strategy of the War;" articles bearing upon the International Sunday-School Lessons, richly illustrated; papers on the West, its industries and sports; beautifully illustrated articles on English Cathedrals, etc., etc.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THE CENTURY. It has recently been said by a prominent paper that "it is doing more than any other private agency of to-day to teach the American people the true meaning of the words Nation and Democracy. It is a great magazine, and it is doing a great work." The regular circulation of THE CENTURY is about 250,000. Send for our illustrated catalogue and get the full prospectus and particulars of A SPECIAL OFFER. Mention this paper. THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th St., New York.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CRAIGHEAD, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $300,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS L, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, November 8, 1887.—210th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2	FLAG PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20	PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50	"	500	25,000
100	"	200	20,000
200	"	100	20,000
500	"	50	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100	"	200	20,000
100	"	100	10,000
1,000	Terminal	50	50,000
2,179	Prizes, amounting to		$375,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

CONFLICTING DUTIES.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Perhaps there was never a time when so many outside demands were made upon the time of women, especially those who live in large places where are gathered masses of poor, dependent, and miserable beings who must have help in order to live, or who, if willing to work, must be looked after, and aided to rise higher in the scale of humanity, as just now in these closing years of the nineteenth century. Why this is so, it is useless to attempt to explain. The fact remains that the appeals, not alone for substantial aid in what money will buy, but for the effort that wears upon the physical and mental constitution of all who listen and answer to them, are constant. There is not one woman in ten who does not belong to, at least, one society organized for some special purpose, and the one can generally be multiplied by two or three, and sometimes more.

Not long ago I was talking with a lady, who is a wife and the mother of several children. She was complaining of the impossibility of doing each day what she wished, "though I suppose," she said, "that I have all of the time there is. Sometimes I wish the day could be doubled in length, but then there would be a drawback, for I am tired out in body and mind as it is. It is a fact that I do not have leisure to get acquainted with my children, and my husband says he shall have to try and repeat the old courting days, for he used to see me occasionally then. Yet what is one to do?"

"Why don't you give up some of the work?" I asked.

"Well, what?" she questioned; "it seems impossible to do it, for the things that I really care least about need me most, and those things I am interested in so deeply, I cannot bear to turn over to somebody else. Yet something must be done."

She is simply one of the many who are unable to draw the line, who do not know or cannot decide where duty to others and justice to self and family begin and end, or when they trench upon each other.

The world is said to be a very selfish one, and so it is, yet when I see the amount of self-denying work done by women for the good of people who have no other claims upon them than what the mere fact of living the same human life gives, I think there is a large leaven of goodness in the selfishness after all. Such labor may sometimes be undertaken for self-glorification, like one of Charles Dickens's characters, who was always doing missionary work for the heathen in far-away lands, while her own household went to pieces for lack of being looked after. There are many others, however, who try to attend to home duties conscientiously, while devoting, from a love of humanity, a great deal of strength and labor to what may be called charities.

The question which one should always ask before engaging in any new undertaking, no matter how worthy it may seem, is this: "Have I the time and strength to enter into this work, to do what will be required of me, and yet maintain the performance of duties already mine, without overtaxing myself and finally causing a neglect of what is of more importance." If that cannot be answered in the affirmative, better refuse it entirely and do no wrong. There can be no doubt as to where the first duty lies. The home and its inmates should receive the best of what there is in every woman to whatever extent it is needed. If there be not enough strength of body and mind remaining to accomplish thoroughly her assigned part in any outside undertaking, that should be left to some one who is less burdened or has greater endurance. It is as great a wrong to make a tacit promise or doing by accepting a work and then shirking its fulfillment, as to refuse to pay an honest debt.

While taking care, however, not to assume responsibilities that we are unable to carry, let us not fold the mantle of selfishness around us, and busy ourselves only with the small circle of interests and duties that pertain to what belong to us individually. Study to broaden the sympathies, rather than to narrow them. She is a poor pattern of womanhood who can see nothing worth doing, beyond what will conduce to the comfort or pleasure of herself and those she loves. Devotion to friends is a good thing, but it need not exclude sympathy with the stranger who may be less fortunate in her possessions. The desire, too, for self-improvement is a most worthy sentiment, but it may degenerate into the most arrant selfishness. In these things as in the conduct of all the affairs of life, there is a wise discretion to be used, and happy is that woman who is well-balanced enough to know where, in her own case, it is lying.

In the Boston *Traveller* was an excellent article from the pen of the literary editor, Miss Lilian Whiting, whose keen, trenchant words always go to the heart of any matter upon which she touches. Concerning this subject of the conflicting demands upon woman, she says:

"There is one form in which the problem of life is continually presenting itself, and in which the powers of darkness are wont to masquerade as the angels of light—that of the conflict between the unknown upon us and the known and recognized duties we have to meet. To learn to discriminate wisely between these; to find the true balance that shall preserve warm personal sympathies, and that shall yet not waste sympathy and energy in directions where it is valueless, to find living, as Victor Hugo's advice to David Deronda to be courteous, but not to give himself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade, contains no little wisdom; yet the nature that narrows its sympathies and limits its response, cuts off by that act the sources of its spiritual sustenance. The rigidly exclusive end by excluding themselves. Still, there is an individual law of growth and life to which every nature that would make the best of itself must, in a general way, give its fidelity. We are each responsible for the development and use of our special gift, and this of itself marks out a way. The legitimate claims of charity are different for each person to whom they may represent themselves. For instance, the work of reclaiming the erring and unfortunate is a noble and beneficent one. It is one of the most important among the charities, yet to insist that Miss Booth, the busy editor of *Harper's Bazar*, or Miss Brackett, the principal of a great school, should devote time or energy to this work, would be a false claim. Their higher duty would be in denying rather than accepting a responsibility of this kind, because it would be incompatible with that specific line of duty to which temperament and fitness had called, and, one may almost say, consecrated them. The editor of a journal is responsible to thousands of people to give in it the product of the best thought, the finest equipoise, the utmost perfection of intellectual and moral endeavor. This is a work of itself, and one that can be done from no divided energies. It does not shut out; rather it enlarges and elevates all human sympathies, but it does in a great degree restrict their application to a specific line. The poet usually sees the inner truth, and Adelaide Proctor expresses this in the lines:

> "Learn that one duty makes its claim
> Upon one soul; not each or all,
> How, if God speaks thy brother's name,
> Dare thou make answer to the call?

"A success which was built up on hardness and selfishness and insensibility to human claims would certainly be the most colossal form of failure. No matter what was the gain in wealth or fame, or any material achievement, such a life would still be a failure.

"It would be better to even be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade than to be the unpenetrable boulder of no benefit at all. But women are apt to err on the sympathetic side, and waste their energies in little ways that do no good to those who invade their time. Sympathy and sweetness are so divine in their qualities that it is hard to think of them as a possible fault but the nature which cannot say no, which cannot deny claims incompatible with its line of achievement, has opened the doors to discord and disintegration of purpose.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Window Curtains.—Some one writes to know about draperies for parlor windows. They are so many in number, and so varied in style that is hard to give definite directions, but a few suggestions may help her out of her difficulties.

If she wants thin curtains, some of the many patterns in Madras, with cream ground and figures in the soft, dull, Indian coloring, are very pretty. Sometimes these are lined with thin buff or cream-colored silk, which brings out the figures very nicely. These curtains, if unlined can be simply hemmed across top and bottom, or they can be bordered with a broad lace. The lace is a necessity if the silk lining is used.

Curtains of the gay flowered India and Turkish silks are used with shades in this way: Make them just long enough to come from the division of the window, put them upon a brass rod, upon which they can be easily shoved back and forth.

Of course the shades cover the upper half of the window. These are pretty made of gray or buff linen, which have been outlined with silk and crewels in some conventional patterns, usually a simple vine above the hem. Then finish the shade with heavy lace or a netted fringe. Any one who can paint will find it very easy to make beautiful shades.

Scrym curtains look well, especially the ecru, upon which flowers have been outlined along the border. A very pretty way is to do the outlining in red and blue, then finish the edge with tassels made of the two colors in crewels.

Sash curtains that are fastened to the upper part of the lower sash, look well of blue India silk, the lower edge hemmed, and just above the hem silver or gilt sequins, very small, sewed on in several rows for a border.

A cheap and yet pretty curtain is made of a creamy muslin, which is sometimes striped with red, and sometimes cut in strips, which are hemmed upon each edge and then antique inserting put in. Cat-stitching in red down each edge of the strips, just where the lace is sewed on is well liked. Cheese cloth may be made in the same way. A broad lace is pretty upon the edge.

Mrs. on you will find descriptions of some very pretty table covers and mats in the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which you can get by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Painting on China.—Monochrome painting on china, or painting in a single color, is often recommended for beginners. It is a great advantage to a person seeking a knowledge of the ceramic art to have had a previous training in the use of the common oil and water colors.

To be familiar with their names, and to know the colors they indicate, is a grand step toward learning to decorate china. But monochromes can be as easily done as drawing with a pencil, by shading the one color lighter or heavier on the white china and the effect after firing is very satisfactory.

These monochromes may be made in almost any color. Some artists recommend deep seal brown, iron, violet and sepia as the easiest to use for this purpose, but many other colors may be employed. Carmine may be used for pink monochromes, deep purple may also be painted on the ware in that style. How many of us remember the old style monochrome dishes of our mothers in their bright pinks and blues, after which came the long reign of the white tableware that is now so superseded with the modern hand decorated chinas. Flowers and butterflies are among the prettiest decorations for china.

They should be first lightly sketched and afterward painted in with the colors. To paint butterflies that have black markings on the wings the markings may be painted first with ivory black and the remainder of the wings and the body and antennæ be painted with the colors required to finish it according to the pattern. Yellow butterflies may be painted with mixing yellow. The brushes should always be carefully washed out in alcohol and allowed to dry before using to put on a different color. Alcohol will wash the paint from your work if allowed to touch it, hence the necessity for allowing your brushes to dry each time they are dipped into the alcohol.

To prevent blistering when fired, care must be taken to allow the painting to become thoroughly dry before it is placed in the kiln for firing. It is a good plan to have a clean pasteboard box to put your work in when finished, and see it away for a few days to be sure it can be kept clean and free from dust. Gas kilns are now being used for firing china. Every one may learn to do their own firing if they have the patience to experiment a little. Directions always accompany the kilns, and an ordinary person may soon acquire skill in china firing.

Some people turn pieces of china in an ordinary stove with charcoal. The china must not be placed on the fire in a cold state but must be previously heated in the oven, and must also be handled with a pair of tongs that are heated to about the same degree as the piece of china.

It must also be gradually cooled as it will break and thus you will loose all your labor. I would not recommend a beginner in the business to attempt the firing of a piece of valuable ware in that way. It is a good idea to paint on bits of broken china and subject them to firing for experiments as you can get just as clear a perception of the matter in that way.—L. M., Rochester, N. Y.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together: n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind: o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; c l ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Knitted Lace.—Cast on 20 Stitches—1st row: k 2—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 6—n—k 1—o—n—o 2—n—k 1; 2d row: k 5, making two stitches of the over twine—o—n—p—n—p 10—o—n—k 1; 3d row: k 2—o—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—k 1—o—n—k 4; 4th row: k 5—o—n—p—n—p 10—o—n—k 1; 5th row: 5 2—o—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 4—n—k 1—o—n—o 2—n—o 2—n; 6th row: k 7—o—n—p—n—p 10—o—n—k 1; 7th row: k 2—o—n—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 3—n—k 1—o—n—k 6; 8th row: k 7—o—n—p—n—p 10—o—n—k 1; 9th row: k 2—o—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 2—n—k 1—o—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n; 10th row: k 10—o—n—p—n—p 10—o—n—k 1; 11th row: k 2—o—n—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 1—n—k 1—o—n—k 9—bind off 6—k 3—o—n—p—n—p 10—o—n—k 1.—IDA LOOMIS, Platteville, Wisconsin.

Crocheted Pineapple Lace.—Make a chain of 15 stitches, turn, putting 3 stiches in the fourth stitch; make a chain of 2, then 3 more stitches in the same place; this makes one shell. Make another in the 11th stitch of chain; make a chain of three stitches, turn and proceed in the same way. This top must all be made first as long as you want your lace to be. For the pineapples put a shell of six stitches in the first shell with a chain of two between, then chain six, then another shell, chain six, another shell, turn and come back. The shells on each edge will now be the same. In the middle row put ten long crochet stitches; on the next row, in the middle, put ten short crochet stitches; decrease one every round until eleven rows, then fasten the two edges together; then put on an outside row of shells finished by another round of three stitches fastened in every stitch of the edge.—A. M. A.

Narrow Crocheted Edge.—1st row—7 ch—3 sh st in 4 ch—1 ch—3 sh in same stitch—1 sh in 7th ch. 2d row—3 ch—3 shell in 1 ch—1 ch—3 sh—1 sh completes row—5 ch—3 sh—1 ch—3 sh—1 sh. 4th row—3 ch—3 sh—1 ch—3 sh—1 ch—1 dc in hole made by 5th ch, 6 times—1 ch, catch in 1st shell; turn 1 sc—3 dc—1 sc in each hole made by 1 ch. I hope this is plain.

It is necessary to be very careful in sending directions for either knitting or crocheting. The proof is always read carefully by copy, and yet there are occasional complaints of mistakes, which must be the fault of the writer.—ED.

DAME FASHION'S VOICE.

Gobelin blue and plum color seem to be favorites this year.

For school girls bright plaids are very fashionable. The underskirts and waists are of the plain goods and the over dress of the plaid. The basque should have plaid color and cuffs.

Sashes worn this fall are very broad and long, five yards being used for a tall person, the ends falling to the foot of the skirt.

Felt soft hats that can be crushed without injury are becoming popular for ladie and young girls.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWER TO A QUESTION.—One article out of eighteen or twenty, which have been published in the BLADE in the last few months, has been noticed. I might accept the notice as a compliment perhaps, but that the article noticed, "How to Kill the Baby," was a copied article, and I mentioned the fact at the time. Mrs. H. L. Bieggle, Washington, Kansas, says: "Now that "Moss Rose" has told us how to kill the baby, will she not kindly tell us how to raise him, as that is what we want to do. "Moss Rose", does not want him to have paregoric, soothing, syrup, etc. Will she please tell me what shall be done for him when he gets colic so badly and screams until he is blue in the face?" And she says more, but perhaps I have quoted from the article as much as is necessary. I was surprised by the questions contained in her article in the BLADE, because I have written so much in regard to the best method of treating babies. I have told "How to Raise the Baby." In the last few months you could have found various articles on the subject from my pen. The editor has inserted every article sent, and they, taken together, cover the whole ground; for, in my article on "The Training of Children," I have said much about the baby, besides there have been several entirely devoted to the baby. I have told how the baby should be fed, how its dresses should be made, about fresh air, light, warmth, everything, even to the shape and size of the diaper that baby should wear, has been told. And a repetition of all these things would be tedious and unnecessary and tire the patience of the editor. I have given my own views in regard to the cradle, even at the risk of being deemed old-fashioned. I have said that every baby should have a cradle, crib, or something of the kind, which none other should be allowed to appropriate at any time, and I have also stated that I was in favor of rocking and swinging the baby. I suppose that Mrs. Beiggle has not been a reader of the BLADE till recently, or if a reader of the paper she has passed over my articles.

There is no cause without effect, nor effect without a cause. There must be a cause for spells of colic in which the baby screams until he is blue in the face. Why not search out the cause and remove it as speedily as possible? Perhaps his clothing is binding him so that his food cannot digest and he can scarce breathe.

I have full faith that babies are born to live, and that if properly treated they will live, and I also think that carelessness and ignorance have much to do with hollowing out the little graves which are so plenty in our cemeteries. Some babies will live through very much of neglect and bad management, and even hunger, they will suck their thumbs and grumble and wail and live on.

I have never, I think, seen a mother in my life who did not think herself fully qualified to care for her child, however ignorant, however far she might be from realizing success in her efforts. One woman who had lost nearly all of hers by management, came forward once as an adviser to another mother. The woman spoken to said something of this kind: "Do you offer me aevice in regard to the management of my children, when nearly all of yours are in the grave?" Truly self-conceit has a prominent place in the mental make-up of some persons.

Pure air, light and warmth are necessary in the right management of children. You cannot exclude a growing vegetable or a flower from light and warmth and have it prove a success; and the little human flower will dwindle and die when denied light and warmth, pure air and sunshine, as surely as will the lily or the rose. The washerwoman's baby will crawl about in the soapsuds and dirt and thrive well, while the rich man's heir will pine away in his hermetically sealed room, on his bed of down, and die.

In giving any preparation from opium to small children, great care should be used, for they are dangerous, all of them; and, when it can be avoided, nothing of the kind should be administered to the nursing child. Not long since, not far from me, a mother gave her baby a dose of morphine. She divided a dose prepared for herself by a physician, and gave the baby one half. It was an overdose, and the child died in convulsions in a short time.—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Ky.

THE AIM OF LIFE.—Most, if not all, thoughtful persons have a longing to fill a place among the useful and good in life. The curriculum is as long one as one might be written out to fill the requirements of the model man or woman of the present age; but to be of any use to self, or to the world, it is necessary to have an aim in life. Without, we are only in the way; are remembered, only to be scoffed at; noticed, only as a clog to action in the busy world.

It is sad, indeed, if life has been begun without an aim; for time spoils our prospects and blights our hopes.

> Yet nothing is too late
> Till the heart shall cease to palpitate.

And those that have no aim in life should not delay in seeking that employment best adapted to their nature and circumstances, and by so doing the wisdom of the present may atone for the follies of the past.

What to do? is the question asked by many, and which they might answer themselves by examining their tastes, likes and dislikes, as most people have a talent in some special direction, which is always accompanied by the desire to achieve the same. It is also necessary to include surroundings and circumstances, always taking care to make these latter as favorable as possible. That is, if location is not what is desired, a change should be made, if not prepared, preparations should be made; and so on we might enumerate a list of those things which at first thought it does not seem possible to change, and yet may be done at very small sacrifice, when by so doing we may achieve something real in life.

All can not be statesmen, orators or poets; but anyone may be a mechanic, a farmer, or a housekeeper; and in all these, there are heights which can not be attained by any idle dream of a day; but are only realized by close application after thorough preparation. For the path to success lies up the rocky steep, therefore, the way is rough, and sometimes dark, and all may stumble or slide back at times; and only those who resolve with energy to strive, will gain the heights in whatever be the chosen aim of life.

I know a young lady, who, when she was almost grown, discovered that her greatest desire was to instruct others. And she determined under the most adverse circumstances to obtain the education necessary to become a teacher. She was without a home, among strangers, without any education more than a little reading and writing, and dependent on her daily labor for her daily living. But she began by improving each moment she could call her own in earnest study; and all her earnings that were left after simple clothing were spent for books. No need to enumerate the particulars; you could guess the rest; the way is always open to such a character as this; the world is always ready to help.

But, suffice to say, she went step by step, until to-day, she is one of the principal teachers of a ladies' seminary.

She did not acquire the culture and education necessary to such a position in a year, nor in two years; but she is still a young woman, and may yet occupy even a higher position than she is now filling.

The labor may be hard, but the prize we have in view is worth the winning; failure will fly before the hero who dares to strive through disappointment. Success, whatever your motives, let one be to strive. For to such strength succeeds weakness, and frailty springs to power. But in all efforts to make the mark your own, keep music in the heart, and some bright light in view; then you can climb quicker over the rugged rocks, and ply your toil more surely every day, for that which we endeavor to find lies up the rocky steep; and not those that feebly creep, but those that dare to climb, shall win the laurels, or gain the golden crown.—LILLIE WALLS, Stansbury, Penrock, Ohio.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me what will take the warts off my hands without leaving scars? —A. B. D.

Will some one give in the BLADE directions for killing small red ants? We are much troubled with them. They get on everything we eat except sugar. They even seem to thrive on salt.—DIGLIS

I would like to correspond with some one living in Southern California in regard to climate, crops, ways of making a living, etc. Is there any government land? We have splendid farming land here, raise large crops and are doing well, the only objection I have or could have is the climate. I prefer a milder one. I would be pleased to correspond with some lady that has general inward weakness (a general give down of the system) common to women, and has been cured, or received great benefit. Am quite weak and nervous especially during the hot weather. We can't always get good competent help.—P. O. Box 384, Rockport, Spencer Co., Indiana.

Will any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD please give the titles of a number of books which they consider good reading for a farmer boy of 20 having only a country-school education and wishing to improve—those calculated to afford intellectual discipline, broaden one's views of people and things and inculcate high moral sentiment?—CLARK.

I would like to ask any ladies of Iowa who have been successful in silk culture what the worm was fed on.—MRS. ALMA HASKELL.

Will some one give a cure or relief for shortness of breath? I had violent spasmodic asthma over a year ago, and it has left me a great sufferer with shortness of breath. I would be very thankful if someone would send me a cure.—A YOUNG LADY.

1. Will some one suggest a suitable present to give a young man, providing you do not care to pay over $4 or $5 for it, and you have not known him over three or four months; also the proper way to present it? 2. Should a young lady *ever* allow a young man to kiss her, providing they bear a strong affection for one another?—ELSIE SEATON, Toledo, O.

1. A well-chosen book, handkerchiefs with initial embroidered, a gold pen or a handsome match safe or cigar-holder, if he smokes. Other suggestions will be welcome. 2. That question has been answered at length. Not unless she is engaged to him.—ED.

Will some lady reader of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to color brown with catch—or, as some call it, catecha—either wool or cotton?—MRS. RAPPELYE.

Will some one send directions to the BLADE how to do arrasene work?—JENNIE.

Will some one tell me, through the BLADE, if the plant called Hen and Chicken has seed?—LUCY R.

Will some one, through the BLADE, please tell me what to do with my cistern? The cement will not harden on the bottom, and, about three feet up the side, the rest of the cement is all right. Have had it cemented twice, with the same result each time. We put in another wall of new brick before cementing the last time.—B. F. WADE, Carlyle, Clinton Co., Ill.

This question should have appeared before, but perhaps an answer will do some one good, if it is too late for the correspondent.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

How to keep a canna? is asked in a recent BLADE. The bulbs will not live in the ground over winter. Before the ground freezes they must be taken up, all the dirt shaken off, and thoroughly dried. Then keep them in some place where they won't freeze. Then, early in the spring, (too early to set plants in the ground), get a box of dirt and put the bulbs in it, and allow them to sprout. You will then be able to divide them, and be ready to plant in the ground as soon as the weather is warm enough.—ANNA.

Tell "Sufferer's Wife" for chronic diarrhœa, to try swallowing a raw egg every morning before breakfast; if unpleasant to take, beat it up with a pinch of salt and pepper or sugar. It forms a new coating, and is very cooling to the stomach, and patient naturally improves.

Tell "Distressed" to soak her linen in buttermilk for 24 hours.

Mrs. L. E. Malloy: To each gallon of cucumbers add 1 pt. sugar and just enough water to cover; don't weigh them too heavy, and in a short time you will have pickles ready for use.

Tell "Charity" to write to me. I think I can help her to get just such a home as she wants. Address Mrs. BELLE STEPHENSON, Pilot Rock, Umatilla Co., Oregon.

I want to say to the sister who said that flour and water was good for burns, that she will find molasses and flour much better, as it is much easier to take off. Molasses alone is good.—SUE, Glasgow, Mo.

Will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD please tell the lady who wanted a cure for asthma that if she will take sunflower seed, pound them up and boil them to make a strong tea and persist in their use, that it will cure her? I can give some valuable hints about canning and preserving fruits, if the editor wishes.—MRS. JOSHUA PARR, Warsaw, Ind.

The HOUSEHOLD is *always* glad to receive valuable hints.—ED.

From my own experience, I think baby colic can be cured without paregoric, soothing syrup, and the like. Our infant was quite fretful until three months old, and was quieted in a very little bit by giving her catnip tea, sweetened a little, with or without milk or cream. Another remedy we used was warm water, sweetened. But, I should think, you need not expect otherwise than that he be colicky as long as you are giving him cold milk, especially if he is young. If nature made such a mistake as not to provide for the little one, I should think you would try to do the next best thing, viz: imitate nature as much as possible. From your writing, one would take it for granted that you stop its suffering by giving it such remedies. Having taken laughing gas and been under the influence of chloroform, I can say that it was all but a pleasant feeling, and such feelings as follow (or did with me) are very unpleasant, and I believe it is the same way with children. You stop their crying by stupefying them! Don't you notice they usually turn and toss about in a restless manner? Try my remedies and see if you can't avoid putting your babe in a drunken stupor. I would like some reader of the BLADE to give directions for rick-rack collar for child. I prefer crocheted.—L. S.

I would like to tell the lady that asked how to keep a canna over winter. The roots won't live out in our climate; but if she takes them up before the tops are killed with frost, and removes them to the cellar, they will live until time to plant out in the spring, or she can keep them green and growing all winter in a room where geraniums and other plants live.

If "Lizzie W." would like to have a keepsake that she can keep as long as she lives with care, she can have a nice bunch of hair flowers made of the pony's mane, and have it framed. If she will write to my address I will give her all the information I can.—S. C. MCILVAINE, Clermont, Marion Co., Ind.

If Mrs. S. E. Montgomery will send a self-addressed envelope to Mrs. J. Whitlock, box 869, Pueblo, Colorado, I will send her seed of the yellow ground cherry or black tomato.

Mrs. E. J. Nixon: Grate horseradish and mix with best cider vinegar; mix quite thick and fill large mouth bottles very full; cork and seal with sealing wax; put away in cool place and it will keep as long as you want to keep it. Thin it as you used it.—ZENIA.

Tell "E. M. W." to try boiled linseed oil and turpentine, equal parts, for her organ case. Rub off well after applying, and I think she will be pleased with the result. Apply with a woolen rag, and rub off with cotton. Be sure and rub off well or it will be sticky after.—E. W.

"Inquirer:" You should always give the lady the inside of the walk, whether it is at your right or left side. Otherwise the lady generally is at the left.—ED.

"P. R. M.:" There are Exchanges in Chicago, Toledo, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Washington, Philadelphia, St. Louis and in most large cities. Simply address "Woman's Exchange," at any of these places.—ED.

RECIPES.

Stuffed Peppers.—Slit the peppers, take out the seeds, and stuff with cabbages shredded very fine and English mustard seeds in equal parts. Put a small white onion and two cloves in each pepper. Tie them firmly up into cold vinegar. The cabbages should be sprinkled with salt and hung up in a bag to drain the day before it is used.

Tomatoes and Onions.—Prick the small ripe tomato skins and lay them in layers, cover with small onions and sprinkle with salt, let it stand a week, drain off salt water, put the tomatoes in a jar and cover with strong vinegar. Boil a pint of vinegar with red pepper, horseradish, spices and mustard; add to the pickles.

For Dropsy.—For the benefit of "An Anxious Mother." I send a prescription that I copied from the Medical Bureau of the BLADE about a year ago. It cured one of my family who was dropsically afflicted. Tincture belladonna, 1 oz.; elixir calisaya, enough to make 3 ozs. Teaspoonful every night before going to bed. I get the prescription filled the second time before the cure was complete.—SYMPATHIZER.

Crumb Pie:—I would like to have the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD try my Crumb pie: 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful butter, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, and 2 of flour. Beat well together and add 1 cupful cold water. Stir well and bake with one crust, the same as custard, and grate nutmeg over the top. Bake in brick. This is for one pie.—MRS. M. M. WEEKS.

Chow Chow (sliced).—For "Mary" who asks for a good recipe for piccalilly, one that has been tried. I know this to be good, as I use it every fall. Two gallons green tomatoes sliced thin, 12 good sized onions sliced thin, 1 teacupful salt sprinkled through; turn a plate on the whole, put a weight on the plate and let stand over night. Then in the morning take 2 quarts vinegar, 1 quart sugar, 1 tablespoonful allspice, 1 tablespoonful cloves, 2 tablespoonfuls of white mustard, 2 tablespoonfuls Tumeric; mix all together and let come to a boil; throw in the tomatoes and onions (after having drained them out of the salty water where they stood over night), and let boil till tender; stir often. Put into the vinegar 2 teaspoonfuls of celery seed, if you like it. Seal up tight and it will keep a long time. I think one quart of sugar too much and generally put in only enough to sweeten the vinegar, as when making cucumber pickles. I hope this will not be too late for "Mary" to try. —ANNA.

Our Young Folks.

GLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BOULDER, COLO.	Creed T Morris
Lucy M Carr	Thomas O Ramsey
Ezra E Carr	Omer L Ramsey
Beryl Carr	BUSSELLVILLE, TENN.
Edward J Carr	Frank Bay
Edith M Carr	Willie Howery
PEAKEVILLE, MO.	Tate Wheeler
Basil C Howe	

Names this week, 12. Total, 20 653.

The above embraces all names received up to October 27.

THE MODERN RAVENS.

Within a town of Holland, once,
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, the eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said, softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed.

"But, mother, God may do again
What he in bali done before;
And so, to let the bird fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why thus the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in and bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, and said, "We thank Thee, Lord,"
Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had harkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.
—*Songs and Rhymes.*

JACK-A-DANDY.

BY HELEN WETTNEY CLARK.

We children had been wishing for a tame crow ever since reading Dickens' charming description of his pet raven. There were no ravens where we lived; but brother Tom said crows were just as good, and could be taught to talk, too.

And one day, when we were playing "Here we go round the mulberry bush" in the woods near the house, little Ikey, our colored washerwoman's boy, came along with a live crow in his hands.

Of course we were curious to see and examine the wonderful bird, and we crowded around Ikey, who seemed bewildered at being the object of so much attention.

"Where did you get him?" "What you going to do with him?" "How much will you take for him?" asked Tom, Josie and Fred in one breath.

But Ikey only grinned, as he answered each in turn.

"Got him out of his nest in a post-oak. Dey was more of em, but I couldn't git only dis one. I'm a-gwine to raise him if many as'll let me. But I most sell him, if I git a good chance."

The opportunity was not to be lost, and in a very few moments Ikey was trudging homeward with a handful of coppers and two nickels—all the change raised among us and we proudly carried our new-found treasure to the house.

"Mercy on us!" cried mamma, holding up her hands. "What on earth have you got there?"

"A crow," we told her. "And we're going to tame him, and teach him to talk."

"Nonsense!" said mamma. "You don't suppose I'll have a crow about the house, to kill the young chickens and eat up the eggs."

But we begged and pleaded, till at last she gave her consent to let us keep it.

"It'll be a great torment," grumbled grandma. "It's a young bird and you'll have to feed it like a baby."

But we did not mind the trouble. Indeed, it was more of an amusement to us to feed our pet on scraps of meat and bits of bread. It opened its mouth so wide, and cried "Caw-aw-aw!" in such a satisfactory way.

Ikey had instructed us as to the manner of feeding.

"Jess you peck it on de head an' it'll open its mouth like it does fur de ole birds," he explained.

And we found his advice was good.

We named our pet "Jack-a-Dandy," and he grew and throve so much that he was soon able to procure his own food, which consisted of crickets and other insects.

He was so tame that we could allow him perfect freedom, without any fear of his deserting us.

As he grew older, he used frequently to fly into the top of a tall post-oak near the front door, from which he would circle around and around the house, then alight on the ground, and come hopping in the door, with a cheerful "caw! caw!" as if asserting that there was no place like home.

"He's better than Dick Hardy's tame squirrel," Tom used to say, "for that has to be kept in a cage."

"And Bob Rooney's pet coon has to be fastened by a chain," said Josie. "But Jack-a-Dandy is as free as we are."

But mamma was not particularly pleased with Jack, and grandma continued to grumble over his misdemeanors, especially when he would rummage in her work-basket, and carry off her silver thimble or bright steel bodkin.

"He's a troublesome creature," she would declare, "and if I had my way, he'd get his neck wrung."

But we kept a good watch on our favorite, to keep him from getting into mischief.

We had used our best endeavors to teach him to talk, but he was a poor scholar, and could not even learn to pronounce his own name.

Still we loved him, and continued to take his part against his enemies.

Jack did not never said much, one way or the other, about Jack, though he was very favorably disposed toward the race of crows. But when the spring planting was done, he took sides with the opposition.

"If your tame thief pulls up my corn, I'll shoot him," he declared.

"If he troubles the young chickens, he'll have to go," said mammma.

"If he spoils my garden, I'll wring his neck," asserted grandma.

And, as may be imagined, we suffered considerable anxiety about our pet.

One day we were eating dinner, while Jack sat perched on the post oak near the door to go.

Suddenly a terrible commotion occurred in the chicken-yard, caused by a hawk which had swooped down and seized a young chicken.

The hen-mother, however, attacked the marauder so furiously that it was unable to carry off its prey immediately, and before Jack could get his gun and reach the scene of conflict, Jack-a-Dandy had flown to the hen's assistance.

He attacked the hawk so desperately that it dropped its prey and a terrible combat ensued, in which Jack came off the victor. But not satisfied with this, he pursued the flying enemy a long distance, attacking him sharply when occasion offered.

You may be sure we had a great many praises and a sumptuous dinner for our favorite, on his return.

Hawks had for years been a great pest to poultry raising, and even mamma espoused Jack's cause after his successful battle with the rapacious foe.

And during Jack's life not another chicken was molested by the hawks, as he kept a vigilant watch, and articulated every one that dared to venture near the premises.

He even won the good-will of papa, by keeping rigidly aloof from the corn-field; but grandma was still fearful lest he might do some damage to the garden.

She was very careful of her early vegetables, and the garden-spot was paled in, to keep the chickens and rabbits from making depredations on the early lettuce, peas and cabbages.

But no fence could keep Jack out. Like the wind, he went "wherever he listeth."

Much to our relief, however, he did not offer to molest the vegetables, but did good service in picking up the insects and cutworms, which are usually such a pest about a garden.

When he fell to devouring the squash-bugs, which were sapping the life out of the "Boston Marrows," grandma's last prejudice was over-come, and she declared that Jack was worth his weight in gold.

After that, she never went to the garden without calling Jack, who would give an answering "caw!" and hop gravely after her, or perch on her shoulder with all the confidence of a privileged favorite.

As long as he lived, Jack continued to grow in the good opinion of the household. —*Golden Days.*

THE SUNFLOWER CHORUS.

There was a church festival in Hensonvale, and this is the way in which Miss Belle Abbott introduced a new feature into the well worn list of such entertainments.

A placard was prominently displayed at the festival reading:

> SOMETHING NEW. DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT.

All were kept in mystery until the appointed time, when the manager, stepping before the curtain, spoke of the statue of Memnon in Egypt, which was accustomed to greet the rising sun with song.

"More obliging than Memnon," he said, "certain stately American sunflowers have been found ready and willing to sing whenever called upon. Ladies and gentlemen," he added, "I have been fortunate enough to secure for our festival a cluster of these remarkable additions to our native flora, and have the honor of presenting to you our Sunflower Chorus."

The slowly drawn curtain revealed upon a darkground thirteen large, yellow sunflowers, with leaves and stalks complete, and in the center of each a human face. Music came from the piano near the stage, and to its accompaniment the cluster of human sunflowers sang numerous selections from familiar operas, popular songs and melodies, and college glees.

The Sunflower Chorus was voted a great success, and those not in the secret begged Miss Abbott to tell them how it was done. And this was her explanation:

One foot behind the stage curtain, hung another curtain of dard-brown cambric, ten feet square; attach this by rings to a wire stretched nine feet from the floor; tie cords to the first and last rings to a wall on each side. The top being now secured, let the curtain hang naturally; wrap the surplus cloth about a strip of wood twelve feet long, two inches wide, and one inch thick; fasten this to the floor by two large screws, and the flower screen will be tightly stretched.

Group the singers in a picturesque cluster behind the screen, with their faces pressed against the cloth, and at distances from the floor varying from one to eight feet; mark the position of each face, and cut, in the screen, a hole into which the face will closely fit. Going now to the front of the screen, arrange the flowers and leaves, which should be fully prepared beforehand. The rays of the sunflowers may be cut from yellow paper, and the leaves and stalks from green paper. Paste the rays around the openings, then arrange the stalks and leaves in proper position.

When the paste is dry, remove the strip of wood from the bottom of the screen, unfasten one of the cords at the top and slide it back until needed for use, when it may be easily put in position.

In summer the natural stalks and leaves of the sunflower may be used instead of those made from paper.—*St. Nicholas for October.*

A BIRD COURT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE B.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

Bluebird Rancher, Washington Territory, wishes to know why his land, which is a sort of red and yellow soil, does not produce good crops. It seems to be composed of decomposed vegetation, mostly of a rotten wood substance. The rocks in this vicinity are known as trap (or rocks which frequently pile upon each other like steps.) It is known when he lives on fir soil. The adjacent hills or mountains are densely covered with fir and hemlock with a few cedars. One crop of potatoes or cabbages is all that can be produced from it without manure. The soil is from 2½ to 4 feet deep. It gets soaked full of water every winter, but in summer the rains keep the water 20 inches below the surface, and in some places 2½ feet, yet their is no difference in the crops. He asks, "Would it not be the right thing for me to put lime on the land? Underneath the marsh land is a blue clay and in other places there is a sort of chalky substance in color, and when it is dry it is very light and porous. This bed is from 2½ to 4 feet below the surface. After plowing he can see little white specks in the soil, but hardly thinks that it is alkali. To give "Bluebird Rancher" a good idea of the matter, it is first proper to understand what trap rock is, as the detritus washed from the hills, and these rocks, has contributed to make the crust of the land he speaks of. Trap rock is an igneous rock of greenish or grayish color, consisting of an intimate mixture of feldspar or hornblende, or pyroxena. Hornblende is of various colors, and consists of silica, combined with magnesia, lime or iron. Feldspar is usually a white or flesh red; occasionally bluish or greenish. It consists of silica, ammonia and potash. (silex) and is one of the essential constituents of granite, gneiss, mica slate and porphyry. It enters into the constituents of nearly all volcanic rocks. Two-thirds of the ash of wheat straw is composed of silica; potash is one of the constituents of the cereals, potatoes and other crops. Ammonia is an important fertilizer with proper combinations. This explanation is all that can be given in a brief space, as to go over the whole question would require several columns. The soil would undoubtedly be improved by the application of lime, as it will render it more adhesive. It is always a profitable dressing to sandy soil. Ashes, leached or unleached, peat or vegetable manures, or the addition of clay are also good on sandy soils. Sandy soils cannot be profitable cultivated till they are in a condition to sustain a good growth of grass or clover. When they are brought up to this, they are among the most valuable. To apply the clay spread on the land thinly in the autumn and the winter's frosts will separate the particles. Lime assists in decomposing the organic vegetable matter in the soil, and where the soil contains decomposed wood, it would destroy the acidity arising from it. We would advise you not to put the lime on in too heavy quantities. Begin with, say not more than eight to ten bushels to the acre. Spread it on the cellar or a shed about a foot deep, let it air-slack, and for a few weeks "fox-log" over ever few days, and sprinkling a very little water on the large lumps in order to dissolve them. Do not plow the lime under, but spread it over the land in the finest possible condition and harrow it thoroughly. One application should answer for five years, providing you alternate with plowing under the green crops. Sow under second growth clover, and give the land all the barnyard manure (not green) that you can get. Do not use unslacked lime. Your soil needs flat plowing and the plowing should never be done until you want the land for use. By exposure to heat, rains and atmospheric influences, the light soluble manures are exhaled or washed out. To insure this plowing the depth of the furrow should be about one-half its width and the land or ridges as wide as can conveniently be made, so as to preserve uniformity of surface over the whole field. What you now need is to get your land in condition to hold a good quantity of clover or grass. After this you are all right. Get the acidity out of the soil. Do not plow deep at first. Where the surface for a few inches is rich, you may each year go a little deeper, but be careful that you go deeper gradually and have the land thoroughly sweet, so to speak, as you go. To raise potatoes, there is no other way than to thoroughly manure the land. First apply lime, and in plowing work it thoroughly with barnyard manure into the hills. We think the land needs draining. This may be done by putting a drain around the outer edges of your farm, so that the volume of water pouring down from the surrounding hills may not permeate it. Tile draining, of course, would be the better way, but a good ditch will answer. The land should not be soggy, as you say it is, at times.

William B. K., *Ellery, Illinois*: A good pickle for beef is: To each gallon of water add 1¼ lbs. of salt; ¼ lb. sugar; ½ oz. saltpetre, and ½ oz potash. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over the meat to remain four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly powdered with saltpetre, which removes the surface blood, leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, but the boiling throws off the dirt in the salt and sugar. The above answers as well for pork.

The meaning of shire is province or county. The English shire horse, is a good, hardy animal, and no doubt has much of the blood of the horses imported to England by William the Conqueror and others during his reign, from Flandus, Spain and Normandy. As to which is the better, the Cleveland bay or Clydesdale horse it depends much upon that for which you desire to use the animal. A Cleveland bay is a very excellent all-purpose horse for carriage, draft or other use. The Clydesdale is the heavier animal and is preferred by many people above all others for draft, although the Percheron or Norman Percheron (which means acout the same thing) is known and admired everywhere for his great capability as a draft horse. We gave a description of the Cleveland bay and Clydesdale not long ago in the department of the BLADE.

D. C. ALLEN, New York, has a barrel of coal tar for painting roof, and writes to know what he can mix with it that will make it dry in like paint. He also wishes to know how will it do to sow winter rye October 15, for turning under next May or June, and whether he can sustain rye for a few weeks by

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The President has resumed his tri-weekly receptions to the public.

Mr. Pendleton, American Minister at Berlin, and Mr. Anderson, American Minister at Copenhagen, are visiting London.

The German government will present a bill in Parliament concerning the nationality of Germans resident in the colonies.

The most of the French Chambers of Commerce have pronounced against France entering the Sugar bounty conference.

Crown Prince Frederick William, in a letter to the President of the Silesian diet says he hopes to return home in the spring with his health restored.

Lord Salisbury has notified M. Waddington, the French Ambassador here that the royal sanction has been given to the enforcement of the New Foundland bait act next season.

At a meeting of the Typographical union of Denver, No. 49, it was agreed to adopt a nine-hour system, and a reduction was made in the schedule price from $21 per week to $20.

A new mill league bearing the title of "The Central Inter-State League," has been organized for Peoria, Davenport, Dubuque, Bloomington, Rockford, Decatur, Danville and Crawfordsville.

The week's imports of gold at New York were $1,548,932. Exports of specie amounted to $211,471. The imports of merchandise were $9,466,406, including $1,932,884 for dry goods.

A courier from Tonto Basin, Ariz., brings news of the killing of a cowboy named William R. Benner. He belonged to the Graham faction and was undoubtedly killed by the Tewkesbury crowd.

Clearing house tables from 37 leading American cities show an increase in all of them, except Milwaukee, 8; Hartford, 3, and Portland, 10 per cent. The total was $902,277,896; outside of New York, $344,686,967.

It is stated that Prince Holmshe will allow one of his sons to become a Russian subject in order that he may inherit the Wittgenstin estate. The Prince has refused all offers of Russian nobles to purchase the property.

The receipts of the government for October amounted to $31,441,172 and the expenditures to $12,474,652, being an excess of receipts of $19,328,520. The decrease of the public debt for October is estimyted at $14,000,000.

The flint glass manufacturers and workmen at Pittsburg have now settled their difficulty about the wages of gathering boys. Each side continues firm, but still they evince a desire to bring to difficulty to an amicable conclusion. Neither side wants to be the cause of a strike.

Postoffice Inspector Adsit has sent a circular to publishers throughout the country warning them against an advertising agency called the Empire News Co., managed by C. R. Roberts, of Buffalo. Inspector Adsit arrested Henry Waldron, one of Roberts' partners, Saturday last, and is looking for Roberts.

The funeral of Rear Admiral James W. Nicholson, of the United States navy, took place from his late residence in New York Monday. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer. The casket was borne to the hearse by sailors, while the Marine band played the dead march from Saul.

The ninth biennial international conference of the Women's Christian associations, has opened in New York. At the conference 194 delegates are present from many of the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Mrs. Fisher, New Haven, Conn., was president of the conference. Mrs. C. E. Beelie, president of the local association, delivered the address of welcome.

Rev. James J. McTighe, the Roman Catholic priest, whose election to the principalship of the Thirty-third ward, Pittsburg, public school caused such a stir recently in religious circles, has tendered his resignation, and has ordered Catholic children to return to the Parochial schools. Father McTighe refuses to give his reasons for resigning, but it is intimated he was advised so by members of his congregation.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

$10,000 Annually to the Needy—The Convention Drawing to a Close.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—[Special wire.]—In the convension of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, yesterday, the principal business transacted was the adoption of the report of the executive committee on claims for aid. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' expenditures are limited to annual amounts to about $10,000 annually, which was the total very nearly of the 120 claims passed for payment yesterday.

These claims are from the families of disabled and helpless engineers and the widows and orphans of deceased members, for whom the insurance association has not afforded relief.

In all the sum of $1,000,000 has been expended by the Brotherhood since its organization, in the direct relief of persons of the above class. The mutual insurance company has paid out in addition over $1,250 000 as stated in the address of the grand chief engineer.

The business of the convention is drawing to a close, but there remain a few important points to be received and acted upon and the convention may not be able to conclude its labors to-day as expected.

PRESIDENTIAL PARDONS.

Pension Swindlers and Counterfeiters Turned Out of Prison.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—[Special wire.]—The President has granted a pardon in the case of Henry G. Curkendall, convicted in the Western district of Michigan of having counterfeit coin in his possession and sentenced October 9, 1885, to four years' imprisonment.

An application for the pardon of Hunter Poor Bear, a Cherokee Indian, convicted in the western district of Arkansas of violating the pension laws was endorsed by the President as follows:

I am unwilling generally to grant pardons in cases of this description, but being satisfied that this convict had no knowledge of the law making his act a crime, and upon the recommendation of the judge and district attorney his pardon is granted.

In the case of William S. Kirker, convicted in the Southern district of Ohio of making false entries in the books of the National Bank of Ironton, Ohio, and sentenced February 4, 1885, to five years' imprisonment, the President denied the application for pardon, but commuted the sentence to three years' actual imprisonment, with no deduction for good conduct.

STRANGE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Immigrants From the Infected Port of Palermo Sent Through to Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—Health Commissioner DeWolf was startled this morning to receive the following telegram:

Washington, Oct. 27.

OSCAR C. DEWOLF, health commissioner:

New York telegrams yesterday contain certain names of Italian emigrants arriving at New York on steamship Independent, October 15. Left for Chicago on 16th. All but two of these passengers were from Palermo, an infected Italian port.

[Signed.] HAMILTON, surgeon general.

If the immigrants left on the train mentioned they have had ample time to reach Chicago. Dr. DeWolf at once ordered a thorough search to be made throughout the city for the passengers from Palermo, and sent the following telegram:

Hamilton, Surgeon General, Washington, D. C.:

Telegram received. Will not the United States authorities take notice of the monstrous wrong of quarantine officers in forwarding immigrants from affected ports directly to the interior, without notice?

[Signed.] OSCAR C. DEWOLF.

The city authorities are greatly indignant at this idea of sending such immigrants to Chicago without notifying the health department.

G. A. R. APPOINTMENTS.

Ex-Commander John S. Kountz, of Toledo, Honored.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 26.—General Order No. 2, issued from G. A. R. headquarters to-day announces the following additional staff appointments:

Inspector-General, Ira M. Hedges, of Haverstraw, N. Y.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Robert Stratton, Minneapolis.

Senior aide-de-camp, Rese R. Henderson, Minneapolis.

The executive committee of the council of administration will consist of William M. McLelland, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. T. Wilson, Chicago; Fred C. Deitz, Zanesville, O.; G. A. Newman, Cedar Falls, Ia.; James H. Drake, St. Paul; J. S. Clarkson, Omaha; G. C. Ginty, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

The pension committee will be composed of G. S. Merrill, Lawrene, Mass.; Louis Wagner, Philadelphia; J. Tanner, Brooklyn; J. S. Kountz, Toledo; J. W. Bursch, Sycamore, Ill.

Inter-Oceanic Canal Route.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—[Special wire.]—The Williams & Bankin steamer Hondo sails from this city on November 20 for Greytown, Nicaragua, with an expedition which is to complete the final location of the inter oceanic canal route, and to prepare the work of construction that is to be commenced during the winter. The expedition consists of 40 engineers and 110 laborers, in charge of Civil Engineer Perry. The chief engineer, A. G. Menocae, will join the party in a few weeks.

The Committee Has Been Misled.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—[Special wire.]—The secretary of the Interior yesterday received from a committee appointed for the purpose by the synod of Minnesota of the Presbyterian church an earnest protest against the recent order of the commissioner of Indian Affairs forbibbing the instruction of the Indian youth in their own language, and requiring that instructions in schools on reservations to be in the English language. The committee asks that the order be revoked.

THEIR VOICE FOR PEACE.

The English Deputation Arrives and Presents Its Memorial to Congress on the Question of Arbitration.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The President yesterday received a deputation from Great Britain, who desire his co operation in securing a treaty between that country and the United States, which shall provide for an amicable settlement of disputes by arbitration. The delegation included: Lord Kinnaird; the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, M. P.; Sir Geo. Campbell, M. P.; Sir John Swinburne, M. P.; Mr. Halley Stewart, M. P.; Mr. Benjamin Pickard, M. P.; Mr. Wm. Cremer, M. P.; Mr. Caleb Wright, M. P.; Mr. A. D. Provand, M. P.; Mr. Octavius V. Morgan, M. P.; Mr. Munro Ferguson, M. P.; Mr. Chas. Tenske, of London; Mr. John Inglis, of Glasgow; Mr. John Wilson, of Durham, and representatives of the Trades Union Congress.

Accompanying the deputation were Mr. Wm. Jones, secretary of the Peace association of London; Rev. Mr. Rowland B. Howard, Boston; Mr. John B. Wood, Philip Garrett, Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. Eaton, of New York.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania, introduced the visitors to the President in a short address, in which he presented the great importance of question. The Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, representing the members of Parliament, and Mr. John Wilson, representing the Trade Congress, also made short addresses in support of the movement. Mr. Playfair said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—I have the high honor to represent a deputation of twelve members of Parliament, who propose to present to you, as the head of this great nation, and through you to congress, a memorial in favor of an arbitration on all questions of difference when diplomatic agencies have failed to adjust them. This memorial has been signed by 233 members of Parliament, of the House of Commons, or by more than one-third of its whole number.

The time is favorable for the consideration of the question because the whole world is startled at the new aspect of war which the progress of science is making a huge engine for the brutal butchery of men and the wanton waste of property.

The United States almost alone among nations can keep down its combatant expenditures because it does not consider it necessary to maintain a war with foreign nations.

It is here, therefore, rather than in Europe that proposals for treaties of arbitration might naturally be made.

At all events we might devise a treaty of arbitration between the United Kingdom and the United States. That would be a glorious example to the other nations and might lead to the two great Anglo-Saxon nations being the peace makers of the world.

That is the feeling which has induced so many members of Parliament to offer their cooperation to the members of congress in settling political differences by arbitration. If the countries succeed in doing so it will give an eminent illustration that nations, as well as individuals, can settle their differences without violence, by adherence to the principles of equity and international law.

Mr. Cremer, M. P., secretary of the Workingmens' Peace association, who originated the memorial, then presented it to the President, made an address in which he said the memorial had been drawn up with the approval of all classes in Great Britain, including a large numbers of the members of both houses of Parliament, the Workingmens' Peace association, Congregational Union of 2,000 members, Mr. Gladstone, etc., and represented that it was especially desirable that the United States should take the initiative.

The President responded as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—The main and prominent idea so fittingly presented by you and by the memorial you deliver is a lofty and noble one, involving the preservation of peace, with all its manifold blessings.

It is well that the minds of good, thoughtful men should be now turned to this subject, that concerted movement should be made to supercede the horrors of war.

Is is well, too, that this effort should be made by the citizens of two countries which proudly claim to be in the van of civilization and progress.

I am reminded that in the administration of a government difficulty often arises in an attempt to carefully apply ideas which in themselves challenge unqualified approval. Thus it may be that friends of international arbitration may not be able at once to secure the adoption in its whole extent of their humane and benificent scheme.

But surely great progress should be made by sincere, hearty support.

COAST DEFENSES.

Annual Report to the Secretary of War of Chief of Engineers Duane.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Gen. Duane, chief of engineers, has made his annual report to the secretary of war. The report is largely devoted to a statement of the condition of the sea coast, lake front defenses. On this topic Gen. Duane says many of the works are dilapidated and economy requires they should be kept from decay. Estimates submitted aggregate $8,234,000, including $2,800,000 for the construction of a gun and mortar batteries, $1,860,000 for submarine mines and appliances for closing channels.

In this report upon the subject of fortifications made by the board of engineers which is included in Gen. Duane's report, it is said:

It must be evident that immediate action is demanded to place our sea coast defenses in proper condition to resist the attacks of the enemy. From difference of opinions which exists among certain non-military experts as to the character of armor to be used in land defenses an impression has been created that this matter is in an unsettled, tentative condition, and that the policy of inaction now existing should still continue.

But facts will not warrant this conclusion as more than nine-tenths of the armament recommended for our sea coast is not to be mounted behind iron protections, but in the rear of earthen covers.

Particularly is this true of the rifled mortars which must hereafter play an important part in the defense of our channels. There is no reason why the erection of batteries required for them should be delayed a single month.

In accordance with the instructions of the secretary of war, the board has also submitted preliminary plans for the defense of the more important seaboard harbors. Two typical designs have been prepared by the board which are said to meet all modern requirements. One is a fortification constructed of sand with a covering of masonry, and bombproof. Reports say that no armor is now or ever will be required for such defenses. It is believed that disappearing carriages can be constructed which will carry 12-inch 50-ton rifled guns.

An appropriation is suggested sufficient to place a few of these guns and carriages at each of the principal ports. The plan of defense by mortar-gun batteries, recommended by the board, involves an expenditure during the next fiscal year of $2,840,000, which it is proposed to divide among the ports as follows: New York, $690,000; San Francisco, $460 000; Boston, $280,000; Hampton Roads, $250,000; New Orleans, $210,000; Philadelphia, $210,000; Washington, D. C., $80,000; Baltimore, $80,000; Portland, $290,000; Narragansett Bay, $290,000.

The plan also contemplates the preparation of casements, cable shafts, etc., to the number of 26, distributed as follows: New York, 5; San Francisco, 5; Boston, 5; Hampton, 2; Philadelphia, 2; Washington, 1; Baltimore, 1; Portland, 2; Narragansett Bay, 2.

NORTHWESTERN WHEAT CROP.

There Will be a Surplus of About Five Million Bushels—Averages.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 29.—[Special wire.]—The *Pioneer Press* published this morning a statement showing the total wheat crop of Minnesota and Dakota to be about 56,000,000 bushels. This is the first report of the actual yield, made up from complete reports of every wheat growing county in the state and territory.

Most of the reports received are based upon actual measurement from threshing machines. The average for Minnesota is 12.7 bushels. In Dakota the acreage is 3,075,000. An increase of about 1,100,000 over 1886. The average yield is 15⅛ bushels, making the total crop 47,600,000. An estimate of supplies and requirements is given showing a surplus of four to five million bushels.

THE THISTLE AT HOME.

The Great Scotch Yacht Safely Recrossed the Atlantic.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The Scotch yacht Thistle, Capt. Barr, which left New York October 14, arrived at Green Oak to-day.

The Thistle had a good voyage. Her best day's run was 258 miles, and her worst 75 miles. She behaved well.

Cleveland Violates the Law.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Governor Hill, President Cleveland and Private Secretary Lamont sent contributions and letters to the Democratic State committee to-day. All the contributions were large, especially for an off year. Letters accompanied the checks. Lamont's letter being the largest. The governor expressed his belief that the strong ticket that had been put in nomination by the Democratic convention would win. The President wrote the shortest note. He hoped that the ticket would win, and inclosed a check for his contribution. Secretary Lamont wrote a charming note that won the hearts of the officers of the committee who have seen it. He inclosed a big check of his own, and stated how happy he was every fall when he could chip in to help the Democratic cause along to victory in New York.

THE OIL "SHUT IN."

The Great Move of the Standard and the Producers to Force Oil Up Inaugerated To-day in the Fields.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 1.—Concerning the great shut down movement of the oil producers, which goes into effect to-day, the Oil City *Derrick* this morning says:

The most important deal ever consummated in the history of the oil business was brought to a head at a late hour last night.

The executive and advisory boards of the Producers Protective association held two sessions at the Arlington yesterday afternoon and last night, and the great shut down movement was completed in every detail and the shut down or "shut in," will go into effect to-day.

The *Derrick* makes the announcement by the authority of the two boards that all the contracts were officially signed, and nothing remains to be done but to carry out the provisions of the contract. What these contracts are has not been officially stated, but they contemplate the shutting in for one year of one-half of the production, based on the gauges of wells during July and August; the entire stoppage of the drill for the same length of time; no glycerine is to be used in the same time, and no wells are to be cleaned out. The general feature of the plan is that the Standard Oil company has set 5,000,000 barrels of oil at 62 cents a barrel, the profits on this to be divided among those producers who shut in their wells and comply with all the terms of the contracts.

In addition to this the Standard and the Producers have made a pool of 2,000,000 barrels, the profits occuring from which is to create a wage fund for the laboring men thrown out of employment.

Advises from the producing fields last night were to the effect that there would be a general shut in inaugurated to-day. Mr. Phillips's prolific pool in Butler county is to be completely briefed. In regard to Saxonsburg, the purchase made yesterday of gusher property may be taken as an indication that the Producer's Protective association may be able, in a measure, to control the field, which is the only one not absolutely controlled by the association.

All the big producing firms, both Standard and independent, will shut in their wells.

STATE OF TRADE.

R. G. Dun's Weekly Statement of the Condition of Affairs in the Business World.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—R. G. Dun & Co. in their weekly review of trade, say: During the past week and during the month the volume of business has diminished somewhat as is natural at this season. But the October trade in some branches and sections falls behind that of the same month last year, a fact partly explained by the unusual volume of business in September. The distribution of goods purchased does not quite meet expectations and collections are still slower, but fair in many quarters, though the situation in that respect is more favorable than it appeared to be a week or two ago. Remittances for speculation from the West and South are still frequent, and the drain of money from this point has not ceased, though it has lessened in volume, partly because many balances have been drawn down to the minimum, and some applications for accommodations have been refused.

Exchanges still reflect a fair activity and the railroad statistics movement of product is large for the season. A conservative indisposition to undertake new enterprises has appeared since July, and has brought a timely check in railroad building, real estate operations and some branches of manufacturing. Consequently the liquidation of past operations is now the feature of first interest; if that progresses satisfactorily, the outlook for an excellent trade in the future is good. Thus far returns indicate a fair progress in the settlements in most branches of trade, and at most Southern and Western points, but some exceptions are noted. The collapse of many an iron mining company in the Georgia range, throws hundreds out of employment and brings disaster to a multitude of small investors on their stocks, and to many tradesmen. Several localities where real estate speculation became excessive a year ago, by a failure to make a second payment, it is now producing a reaction with severe losses to many. All over the South west there are many holders of real estate paper who are seeking payments not always with success.

From some points this week's reports indicate some improvement in collections, fair activity in business and a diminishing stringency in the money market. At Chicago, the mercantile demand for accommodations is unabated. Though collections have improved, shipments of money to the country have moderated. At Omaha, money is easier, and real estate payments have thus far been satisfactory, but slow collections. Much pressure is noted at Kansas City, Wichita, Cleveland and some Southern points. Distinct improvement appears at Louisville, Memphis and Atlanta. Large failures cause some surprise at Milwaukee.

The iron trade still hesitates and the market for other than the best grades is very irregular. More inquiry for rails is noted, but orders are not up to expectations. There are reports of sales at $33. The coal supply is short.

The wool market is better in tone, though sales are not yet large. Some improvement in the demand for dress goods is noticed, but manufacturers of heavy goods are still embarrassed by inadequate demand. Prices of cotton goods are firm and movements satisfactory.

Boot and shoe buyers are numerous and prices firm.

Breadstuffs have advanced a little Pork products have yielded. Cotton is a shade stronger, but oil is our one lower item.

In the stock market a gradual recovery has lifted prices about $1.50 per share. The tone is improved by some revival of foreign purchases.

Business failures during the last seven days number, for the United States, 193; for Canada, 23; total, 216; compared with 201 last week, and 215 for the corresponding week of last year.

CRUSHED AND BURNED.

A Frightful Accident in St. Louis at an Early Hour This Morning.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 1.—A flash, followed by a dull roar, and then the crash of walls, convulsed the center of this city at 2:03 this morning, and the clamor that followed carried the rumor of the horrible calamity that had befallen three families while wrapped in slumber.

An explosion of gasoline in the rear of the cellar of Richard Newman's grocery store, No. 13 South Fourteenth street, had lifted the two-story building from its foundation and dropped it back again in a mass, beneath which was buried seventeen persons. Thirty were:

MICHAEL NEWMAN, aged 52 years.
MRS. ANNA NEWMAN, aged 40 years.
MISS MAMA NEWMAN, aged 14 years.
JOHN NEWMAN, aged 16 years.
ELLA NEWMAN, aged 15 years.
KATE NEWMAN, aged 11 years.
EDDIE NEWMAN, aged 13 years.
CHARLES DEVERE.
MRS. CHARLES DEVERE.
MRS. HATTIE BROWN, of Columbus, Ky.
CHARLES EFFERD.
MRS. PATTY BRYANT.
MRS. BEASLY.

Later—It is now claimed that only eight persons were killed. Many others, however, are frightfully burned and bruised, and their recovery is doutful. The unknown man mentioned proves to be C. N. Devere, the traveling man.

BRINGING IN THE SWEETS.

The Sugar Trade Deflected from England to the United States.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The department of State has received a dispatch dated September 2, from the consul at Demarara, which says that the planters in that colony are abandoning the manufacture of crystals for the English market, and turning their attention to the production of dark sugars for the United States, for the reason that the Guiana planters cannot compete with the American refiners or any other country and the American refiners pay the highest price for this class of sugars.

The increase in this trade has resulted in withdrawing steamers plying between England and Demarara and large ships in the Calcutta trade from their regular routes to carry sugars to the United States.

Indian Education.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—The annual report of John B. Riley, superintendent of Indian schools shows that the aggregate expenditure by the government for the education of Indian children during the year was $1,095,397—14,932, or about 37½ per cent., attended school during some portion of the year. On the whole, the report shows an appreciable advance during the year in Indian education.

Ten Thousand Dollars Against Coercion.

DETROIT, Oct. 29.—The following cablegram was sent from Detroit to-day to Joseph Gillis Bigger, treasurer of the Irish National League, Cardiff, Wales:

Your friends in America are of one mind. Coercion must be fought in the last ditch. I place for you to-day in the Alliance bank one thousand dollars.

CHARLES O'REILLY, Treasurer.

TALKING FOR ANARCHISTS.

Ben Butler Before the Supreme Court of the United States, in Behalf of the Condemned Bomb-Throwers—He Introduces a New Phase of the Question.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—When the U. S. Supreme Court assembled at noon today, Mr. Attorney General Hunt, of Illinois, said that as he had practically concluded his argument when the court adjourned yesterday, he would not speak further, but would allow his associate, Mr. Grinnell, to continue the argument in opposition to the motion for a writ of error.

Mr. Grinnell said it had not been his intention to take part in the oral argument, but having some familiarity with the case, he would make a few suggestions, particularly with reference to the composition of the jury. After reviewing briefly the ground covered by the argument of Attorney General Hunt yesterday, Mr. Grinnell said that so far as the composition of the jury was concerned, there was only one man in it to whom any objection was raised by the defence, and that was the man Sanford, who was the last juror selected.

An attempt had been made, he said, to show that another juror named Denker had also been objected to, but in reply to that it was only necessary to say that at the time the juror Denker was accepted, the defense had the right to make 142 peremptory challenges. If they had objected to him very strongly they might have used one of these peremptory challenges to exclude him.

After reviewing at some length the cases of Jurors Denker and Sanford, Mr. Grinnell said every man on the jury was duly qualified under the common law. It was, he said, of the highest feeling, a representative American jury, as good and intelligent a jury as was ever looked upon. It was in no sense a class jury. Three of the jurymen were men who labored with their hands. One of them was a man of foreign birth, and there was not a capitalist among them.

With regard to the "Unreasonable search and seizure," Mr. Grinnell said he did not desire and this was not the place to apologize for anything he had done in this case. He believed, however, that it had always been regarded as proper to deprive a criminal of the instruments of his crime and to use such instruments as evidence against him.

It had been done when the pistol was taken by force from the assassin, Guiteau, and, if he remembered rightly, Guiteau's papers had also been seized. He recited the history of the bomb-throwing in Chicago, and enumerated the articles, such as bombs, dynamite, etc., which belonged to Spies, Lingg and others of the anarchists, and which had been taken, not from their private houses, but from the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office, the headquarters of the anarchist party.

After speaking about 40 mintes Mr. Grinnell closed, and Gen. Butler rose and objected to the latter part of Mr. Grinnell's argument on the ground that it went out side of the printed record and brought in extraneous matter to which no reference had before been made; that this extraneous matter must be popular with the court or its introduction would not be permitted. He and his associates hae been taken by surprise and he must ask more time in order to go into case fully, and show that the facts stated by Mr. Grinnell were not in the record. If he should be wrong he hoped that he would be corrected by men who did not advocate and defend manstealing and property stealing.

After reviewing the circumstances of the tragedy in the Haymarket in Chicago and the trial of the prisoners and contending, as Mr. Tucker did, that the petitioners had been deprived of the privileges and immunities of American citizenship as guaranteed by the 14th amendment, Gen. Butler proceeded to a consideration of the special and peculiar questions raised by the cases of Fielden and Spies, who are foreigners.

He contended that the latter were the superiors of the land, and that these prisoners were entitled, by virtue of these treaties with Germany and Great Britain, to all the rights and privileges of American citizens at the time such treaties were made. A state had no power to try these men by one of its own laws which was not the law of the land at the time the treaties were made.

He did not mean, he said, that a foreigner could come into a state and break its laws with impunity and that the state could not touch him, but he did mean that the state could only try him in accordance with the law of the land—the whole land—at the time the treaty with his government was made.

There he said was an important question to every American citizen because in return for the concessions made by the government in the treaty with Great Britain, the government of that country had made similar concessions to us. Suppose that a citizen of the United States should go to Ireland and should make some remarks about the advantages of a republican form of government and should be arrested and tried by the Crimes act, in violation of the treaty, would we not stand up and say that this man must be tried by a fair, impartial jury. He must be tried as an Englishman would have been tried at the time the treaty was made, and that he can not be tried in a more summary way under a later law.

If this should happen, General Butler said, he hoped the English authorities would not be able to hold up to him a decision of the United States Supreme court sustaining the right to try an Englishman by the local law of a state which was nothing but a sham and a howling wilderness at the time the treaty was ratified.

Gen. Butler finished speaking at 2:45 p. m. and the court proceeded with the call of the docket.

JEFF DAVIS ON FORESTRY.

He Believes that the States Should Control their Own Forests—His Letter on the Subject.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Oct. 28.—The Southern Forestry Congress closed its sittings yesterday. The following letter from Jefferson Davis was read:

BEAVOIR, Miss., Oct. 16, 1887.

Sidney Root, esq.:

My Dear Sir:—Please accept my thanks for the reports you have sent me of the proceedings of the Forestry Congress. By a brief compliance with your request, I will endeavor to show my grateful acknowledgement of your considerations.

The subject to which the attention of your association is directed has long commanded my deep interest, and it has grieved me to see, as is too often the case, the danger that delay of appropriate remedies has created.

In 1830, there was between the Upper Mississippi and the great lakes the greatest forests of mast timber to be found east of the Rocky Mountains. Now they are said to have been quite destroyed.

Would it not be better to transfer the control of the public lands to the control of the states in which they lie? Agents of equal capacity with those heretofore employed might be obtained and the state supervision would have the prompting of a direct interest and greater facilities for information. The northwestern states should preserve their forests, as they have the best mast timber now growing. Beyond the preservation of timber for mechanical and domestic uses there are climatic and other considerations of grave importance.

After an exhaustive review of the Forestry question, he closes his letter in the following language:

With gratification I have noticed the noble purposes of your association, contrasting so honorably with the selfish aims of partisan strife, and with cordial wishes for the success of the Forestry congress, I am, faithfully yours,

[Signed] JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE POTATO.

Reports From All Sections on the Acreage and the Product.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—Taking the reports of crop correspondents for the past four weeks on the acreage being seeded to Winter wheat, as compared with last year, we have the following averages: Illinois, 79 counties, 96⅜ per cent.; Indiana, 44 counties, 99 per cent.; Missouri, 42 counties, 93⅜ per cent.; Ohio, 52 counties, 88¼ per cent.; Iowa, 31 counties, 87 7-7 per cent., and Kansas, 42 counties, 98⅛ per cent.

The average per cent. for 28 counties in Michigan is 98⅛.

Based upon the reports of the past three weeks of seventeen counties in Kentucky it is 93⅛ per cent.; from the reports of the past two weeks and of 25 counties in Wisconsin it is 97⅛ per cent.

From the reports of the last three weeks, taking our crop reports for the past four weeks, we find the average yield of potatoes is as follows in the different states: Illinois, 77 counties, 29½ bushels; Indiana, 44 counties, 27¼ bushels; Missouri, 30 counties, 64 bushels; Ohio, 51 counties, 28⅜ bushels; Iowa, 64 counties, 45⅝ bushels; Kansas, 50 counties, 52⅝ bushels; Nebraska, 28 counties, 51¼ bushels. The reports of the past three weeks show the average yield in Michigan to be in 28 counties, 34 bushels; in Minnesota, 45 counties, 69⅛ bushels; in Wisconsin, 26 counties, 57 bushels.

Augustus Baut & Co., New York piano manufacturers, now in the hands of a receiver, have filed a statement showing assets, $172,724; liabilities, $88,427; due stockholders for money loaned, $22,000; contingent liabilities indorsement on bills receivable and discounted, $184,967.

WEPT TEARS OF JOY.

Jeff Davis and His Wife and Family Kissed the Rebel Flag, While the Confederates Went Mad with Enthusiasm.

MACON, Ga., Oct. 27.—Yesterday was "Confederacy" day in Macon. It was the last gasp, but it was a startling one. Everywhere throughout the city Confederate flags were flying; everybody has from one to a dozen badges on his breast, indicative of love for Jeff. Davis and the "lost cause;" but still the leading and the thinking people here say that it means no disloyalty to the Union; that it is only a last farewell to the old man, who must soon leave this world, and to the cause these people fought for under him.

The especial feature of the celebration was the so-called review of the confederates by their old President, Mr. Davis, with his family and a number of distinguished Georgians was sitting on the porch of Capt. Johnston's house, which stands in vast grounds on the summit of Mulberry Hill.

When the procession wheeled into the front carriage gate intending to pass close by Mr. Davis and out of the rear gate. But the crowd had soon swarmed over the fence and filled the entire front lawn completely full. Every fellow was struggling to push nearer to the porch, and every voice was straining to be heard above every other voice shouting "God bless Jeff Davis."

The arrangements that had been made for reviewing the veterans were blown to kingdom come. What the crowd wanted was to see Jeff Davis himself, touch him if possible, touch his hand. The old veterans broke ranks and began climbing upon the porch. The police tried to pull them down but they shouted back that all the policemen in Georgia could not keep them from shaking the hand of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis, whose 79 years have left him in a very feeble state, made desperate efforts to shake hands over the porch railing with everybody whom he could reach. Of the 5,000, perhaps 200 managed to touch the hand which Mr. Davis now and then tore away from those who sought to hold it.

Whenever he did this the crowd below would grab his hands, and some of the men who were strong enough to keep the others away, stood and held the thin, pale hands to their lips and wasned them in tears.

Long-haired, unkempt old fellows crowded right up on the shoulders of the men in front of them and plied over their heads regardless of everything but their one purpose of touching the hand of Jeff Davis. They scrambled, and fought, and yelled, and cried until bedlam must have seemed a dense silence beside them. Yet even then the enthusiasm was not at its height.

It was not until some one handed the battle flag of the 3d Georgia regiment over the heads of the people, that the storm reached its height. Mr. Davis grasped the tatters of the flag and pressed them to his lips. This was the signal for the most violent breaking forth.

The air was full of such expressions as "God bless Jeff Davis," "God bless the flag," and kindred sentiments. Men in the crowd below broke down under the strain put upon their emotions and in a moment the entire assemblage was in tears.

The old Confederate President waved the battle-torn ensign over the heads of the people, who yelled and threw their hats away, and cried like so many children.

Mrs. Davis and her two daughters kissed the flag in turn, and for each kiss 5,000 huzzahs went up.

Mrs. Davis at last tore off a shred of the flag and placed it in the bosom of her dress, whereupon a pandemonium of "God bless you." and similar shouts, went up. When the flag was handed back to the multitude an ovation exhausted all available tatters and pressed them warmly to their lips.

Pretty soon Mr. Davis rose and facing the people in the attitude of a speech maker, finally managed to bring about a lull in which he was heard to say: "Friends and brothers: I am like that old flag, tattered and torn from years. I love it for its own sake and yours. I love it as a memento of what your fathers did and what they hoped you will do. I will see you again."

At this point another flag, one of the old original flags with three bars and the eleven stars, was passed up, and Mr. Davis and his entire family kissed and wept over it.

Presently Governor Gordon pressed to the front, and after getting silence, began a speech which was intended to take the attention of the crowd from the feeble old man, who by this time had become so thrilled, that he trembled violently.

Under cover of Gov. Gordon's speech Mr. Davis was put in a carriage and driven to the fair grounds where there was a repetition of the scenes at Capt. Johnston's house. Several badges were presented to Mr. Davis and his daughters. These presents were made in behalf of several military companies which are here.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY IS NOT DEAD.

Georgia Is a Sovereign, and She Celebrates a Day Consecrated to Her Confederate Dead.

MACON, Ga., Oct. 29.—[Special wire.]—Last night a great torchlight demonstration occurred here in honor of Jefferson Davis.

Gen. Henry Jackson, ex-minister to Mexico, in his speech to the veterans yesterday, said:

"CONFEDERATE VETERANS:—There stands upon the soil of Georgia the distinguished Mississippian who, within the lifetime of the present generation, was the so-called traitor, leader of a so-called lost cause. We, Confederate veterans, relict of the armies which fought for that cause, are here to meet him, to move before him—in the pride and pomp of no Roman triumph, it is true, but bending our necks to no Roman yoke of subjugation—by invitation of the state of Georgia, speaking through her duly empowered officials, all have come.

"Behold majestic truth revealing herself. State sovereignty is not dead. Georgia is a sovereign still, and calls upon her people to glory with her to-day. Her glory is in her history. Her history is the memory of her dead, and this day is consecrated to her confederate dead. They were guilty of no treason to her. To whom, then, could they be traitors? Where shall we seek their higher sovereign? Shall we find him in the federal constitution? Then there was a sovereign smitten to earth by traitor hands, trampled in the dust by traitor feet, but the hands and the feet was not theirs.

"Do we hold that the men who fought against them were traitors? Not at all. They, too, were loyal to their sovereign. The constitution was but a treaty between high contracting sovereign parties, without one atom of sovereignty in itself since, with impunity through long years of painful agitation, was it broken by the sovereign parties of the North. They enacted into crime the mere attempt of Federal power to enforce its decrees within their dominions, and because, after decades of endurance as patient as it was denusave, the sovereign parties of the South declined to accept their revolutionary will in permanent place of the constitution. The compact-breaking sovereigns of the North, with numbers overwhelming and material unbounded, made aggressive war upon them to force them to accept it. The world has been told that the people of the South made the war to perpetuate African slavery. This is false. They did not create, institute, nor do they wish now to restore it.

"The principle for which we fought, the only principle of government expressive enough to meet the requirements of advancing civilization, made of late by Gladstone's eloquence so familiar and so European born.

"Red with the blood of Confederate heroes, moist with the tears of Confederate widows and orphans, eastward shall it continue to roll, carrying with it the blessed light of the Christian civilization all around the globe, and so surely as it moves it shall bring the day of triumph.

"In that triumphal procession Abraham Lincoln shall not move as the rightful President, but Jefferson Davis, the so-called traitor, leader of a so-called lost cause.

"We, as Confederates, can echo from our hearts the patriotic cry of Webster the great, 'Thanks be to God that I, too, am an American citizen;' but if the so-called new South be a base surrender of the old, a false confession, meanly false, of shame in our past, shame in our sires, shame in our dead, which none but the silliest fool can honestly feel, then with all of the power given to us by the God of Truth, we cry, 'Avaunt, false South! Avaunt, rotten trunk upon a crushed root, thy fruit must turn to ashes!'"

Internal Revenue Receipts.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Collections of internal revenue during the first quarter of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, were $31,366,066, being $2,461,162 more than the collections during the same quarter of the last fiscal year. The receipts from spirits were $15,921,674, an increase of $788,772; from tobacco, $8,373,014, an increase of $894,057; from fermented liquors, $6,867,398, an increase of $522,367; from miscellaneous sources, $45,668, a decrease of $2,047. Receipts from oleomargarine, $157,679; from banks and bankers, $332. The aggregate receipts for September were $853,368 greater than those for the same month last year.

DAKOTA LANDS.

The Department Recognizes the Rights of Purchasers.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 29.—[Special wire.]—In the light of the tremendous agitation in Dakota over the conflicting claims of squatters and purchasers of railroad indemnity lands, the following letter from Land Commissioner Sparks is of special importance. It puts the department on record as recognizing the rights of purchasers:

GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 15, 1887.

E. O. Ulness, Glover, Dak.:

SIR:—This office is in receipt of your letter of the 29th ult., asking if a person who holds a railroad deed on some of this land can hold said land with safety—meaning railroad indemnity land.

In answer I have to advise you that an actual settler on restored railroad lands, who holds a deed from the railroad company, can secure title from the government under the preemption or homestead laws, provided he has not exhausted his privilege thereunder. The fifth section of the act of March 3, 1887 (24th statutes, 556) provides that when lands within the limits of railroad grants conterminous with the constructed portions of the lines of road, which